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AN ENEMY'S WORK

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

"I hate them, root and branch! I'll let them know it, too, now that the chance I've waited for so long has come. I felt sure it would come some day if I only had patience to wait for it. If I don't take down the Conway pride before I've been here long it won't be because my will isn't good enough."

The speaker was a person of middle age, whose face, taken as an index of his character, showed him to be a bad man. The lines about his thin, straight mouth were sinister and crafty ones. His small gray eyes seem to obscure, rather than reveal thought, and had a hard, cold look in them that helped to make his face a repellent one. If his physiognomy afforded an insight regarding his real character it showed that the capabilities of the man for evil were great; that his conscientious scruples were so small and few that they never stood between him and the accomplishment of anything he undertook; a man who could hate to the end, and who knew nothing about forgiving or relenting.

He leaned upon the sagging gate before the old red country tavern, standing where two roads crossed each other, and looked across the fields to the right. Broad, handsome fields, well-cultivated and well-fenced, and each acre bore upon its face the promise to reward, in its own good time, the kindness which had been bestowed upon it.

"The Conway farm is worth a snug little sum," the man said to himself, musingly. "I'd like to own it myself."

He looked up the hill to where a pleasant country residence stood among tall trees.

"So that's old Robert Conway's home, is it?" he continued. "I little thought I was going to find him here. Won't he be overjoyed when he finds out who talks of buying this place? I believe fate sent me here to get even with him."

A young man came down the road whistling.

John Sterne heard him, and looked up. His face darkened when he saw him.

"That's one of the Conway tribe, I know," he said. "They all look alike."

The young man turned in at the path leading to the gate.

The man who had been watching him as he came near, with an evil light in his cold, bailing eyes, stepped back from the gate and half opened it for the new comer to pass through.

"I was not coming in," the young man said. "I am going to the village. Very fine weather we're having now."

"Yes, very fine," answered Sterne. "You live hereabouts, I take it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "That farm across there is ours. My name is Conway. You may have heard of us, if you have been in the neighborhood long."

From his manner and his frank, open face you would have seen at once that the young man was not inclined to be reserved and uncommunicative to the degree charteteristic of some men.

"Conway? Conway? Let me see, I used to know a family by that name, years ago. I lived at a place called Trent's Corners then. The Conways moved away from there more than twenty-five years ago, I think, and it seems to me I heard they came into this section of country. What was your father's name?"

The man asked the question as if he was not as sure as he wanted to be of the identity of the young man before him.

"His name is Robert, for he is living yet, and he used to live at Trent's Corners," was the young man's reply. "I am his youngest son, and bear his name."

Mr. Sterne looked furtively at Robert Conway. He was reading him.

"A fellow of good impulses," he decided; "but lacking greatly in firmness and determination, and consequently easily swayed by any influence brought to bear upon him.

"How large a family has your father?" he asked.

"He has only two children—my brother and myself," was the reply.

"I presume I should find your father at I were to see him," said Sterne. "It's been a long time since I knew him and he must have changed greatly. I have, I know."

"Father is quite an invalid," said Robert. "He has done no work on the farm for two years or more."

"I think some of buying this farm," said Sterne, abruptly. "What do you think of it? Is it worth putting one's money into?"

"It's a good place," answered Robert. "Brown has offered it very cheap, I think. The right kind of a man would do well here. Brown was never intended for a tavernkeeper."

"No, I think not from what I've seen of him," said Sterne. "Now, I've lived in hotels for these twenty years past, and I've about come to the conclusion that I'd like to try the life of running one of my own. If I can get into a good place, I believe I can make a tavern pay. It's more agreeable to be working for one's self than for other people."

"I think you're right, Mr. ——" Robert paused. The other had not told him his name as yet.

"Sterne, John Sterne," the man said, watching the effect it would have upon him.

"Sterne!" Robert repeated the name thoughtfully. "It seems to me that I've heard father speak of some one by that name, but I'm not sure."

The man by the gate, watching him steadily, saw that his name did not associate itself in young Conway's mind with any unpleasant recollections.

"The old man may never have told them anything about me," he thought. "If I live here, maybe they'll find out for themselves."

Then, aloud:

"Is there much travel on this road? Enough to support such a tavern as this, if kept well?"

"In winter there's a great deal of travel here," Conway answered. "They go through here to the lumber woods at the north. In summer there isn't very much, but taking the year together, I should say there was enough to support a tavern well. Brown has never been able to make it pay. As I said, he wasn't cut out for that kind of business. He never got the good will of the men who stopped here, and they got into the habit, after a little, of going farther before they put up for the night. He's a temperance man, too, and as he wouldn't sell liquor he cut off the greatest change for making money that the place afforded. The boys that go into the lumber woods get away with a good deal of whisky wherever they stop, and I suppose a man makes a big profit on the stuff."

"Temperance!" John Sterne repeated the word, with a sneer. "If I live here, I shall keep liquor. Whoever wants it shall have it, and those who don't want it can let it alone. This nonsensical palaver about temperance and prohibition is enough to disgust anybody. Because some persons get drunk, nobody must touch a drop. That's their argument, and it's sensible, isn't it? I'm not obliged to get drunk if you do, am I? But I say a man's got a right to get drunk if he wants to. It's none of your business or mine how a man spends the money he's worked and earned. But maybe you're a temperance man, and don't like to hear such talk? I can't help it if you don't. I always say what I mean on the subject."

"No, I'm not a temperance man in the sense that means a man shan't drink a glass if he wants to," answered Conway. "I don't drink much, but I like a little now and then, when I get out with the boys. I'm not afraid of being a drunkard. I think I know enough to stop when I've had all that's good for me.

He said this in a way that implied great confidence in his own strength.

John Sterne, watching him, smiled covertly at the contradiction between the words he uttered and the lines about the mouth that indicated weakness of will. He knew that when an appetite for liquor was once created in Conway he would be unable to withstand it. He was too weak to fight and overcome such an appetite as that. All his life Sterne had been in close companionship with drinkers of all classes, from moderate to confirmed, and many men whose lives he had seen go out in the gloom of a drunkard's death, had spoken words as brave as those Conway had just uttered; but these men had had just such weak irresolute features, and he could judge of the strength of a man's character pretty accurately. However strong the desire for good might be in men of Robert Conway's type, the strength of mind to stand firm to a good principle was lacking.

"Is your father as much of a temperance man as he used to be?" Sterne asked.

"Yes, he goes strong for total abstinence and all that," answered Robert. "I don't know what he'd say if he knew Phil and I took a drink now and then. But I think it doesn't matter, so long as we keep on the safe side."

"Of course it don't," responded John Sterne, and turned and went.

The safe side! It is easy to talk about keeping there, but it is not an easy thing to do. Is there any safe side to liquor-drinking? I have yet to find it.

CHAPTER II.

On the morning of the next day John Sterne asked Mr. Brown, the owner of the little red tavern at the cross-roads, a few questions about the Conways.

"Wall, yes," said Mr. Brown, in answer to the queries. "The old man's comfortably well off, I should say. He hain't got no money in the bank, I reckon, but the farm's paid for, an' it's a good one, as farm's av'rage, round these parts. Philip—he's the oldest boy—he stays to home and works the place, an' Robert he helps some, but he wan't cut out for a farmer. Thinks some o' bein' a lawyer, or something o' that stamp. I hardly think, tho', he'll ever amount to much in sich bisness, fer I'm afraid"—here Mr. Brown lowered his voice as if to impart a secret—"I'm afraid that when he gets where there's liquor he'd drink some, an' ti wouldn't take much to make a drunkard of him. He hain't stability enough to let it alone, fer all the old man's brought him up to hate drinkshops an' saloons. Take him completely away from 'em, an' he might make quite a smart feller for bisness, but put him among 'em an' they'd prove his ruin. His father—he doesn't dream that the boy ever touches liquor, I s'pose. He's confined to the house most of the time, is the old man."

"And the other son—does he drink?" asked Sterne, evidently quite interested in the information he was gathering regarding the Conway family.

"Not much, I guess," answered Mr. Brown. "He's married, an' a young man with a wife ain't as apt to be away from home as much as a young man 'thout a wife. If he had no more to keep him at home than Robert has he might do as he does, though I reckon he's got more backbone to him than the other one has. I don't mean to carry the idea that Rob gets real drunk, but he drinks more than is good for him. Take a man of his nater an' it don't take long to form a bad habit fer him, ye know. Tain't so much what he drinks now that worries me about the lad as it is what it may lead to, if the temptation to drink comes in his way an' stays there. Why, I reely b'leeve, sir, if I'd kep' liquor here, a dozen young fellers in this neighborhood, Rob Conway one of them, would have been confirmed drunkards by this time. Yes, sir, I reely do."

Mr. Sterne was thoughtful for a few minutes, and sat silently looking through the window toward the Conway farm.

At last he spoke.

"I've concluded to accept your offer, Mr. Brown. I'll take the place on the terms you named yesterday."

"Very well," answered Mr. Brown. "I won't back out, an' I hope you'll have no reason to wish you had."

"I think I shall be satisfied with the purchase," said Mr. Sterne. "We'll have the writings made out whenever you're ready."

"We'll have 'em drawn up this afternoon," said Mr. Brown. "I'll give possession as soon as you wan't it. I s'pose you're anxious to begin work here."

"Well, yes," answered Sterne slowly, looking out toward the Conway farm. "I would like to begin work as soon as possible. There's a good deal I would like to do."

That afternoon a deed was drawn up conveying all "right and title" in the old red tavern to "John Sterne, his heirs and assigns," and the temperance days of the old place were over.

"The old score's got to be settled between us, Robert Conway," John Sterne said below his breath, as he stood upon the threshold of his new home, with the deed buttoned within his coat. "I've always said I'd get even with you, some time, and some way, and I'm bound to keep my word."

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Averted Tragedy.

The parlor lamp which did duty for the same young man seven nights in the week had struck and was slowly going out. The red glow grew fainter and fainter and, as the shadows merged one by one into the gloom, an eerie feeling crept into the young maid's soul.

"George," she asked in tones tremulous through suppressed agitation, "what would you do if you were strapped hand and foot in a chair, while a candle, stuck in the top of a keg of gun powder, a foot from your head, burned slowly down?"

And George, who had been gazing expectantly at the lamp, answered: "I would blow it out."

She shivered—Puck.

Poetry.

THE WHEELS.

See the ladies on the wheels—
Happy wheels!
What a bored society this latest craze reveals!
How they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
Up and down the dusty track!
With here and there a "sprinkle,"
And a smart frock all a-wrinkle,
With the dust upon its back.
How they turn, turn, turn,
In a sort of social churn,
Keeping time in rhythmic measure
With their dainty toes and heels,
To the wheels, wheels, wheels, wheels,
Wheels, wheels, wheels—
To the whirring and the whirling of the wheels.

See the 'Arrys whizzing wheels—
Furious wheels!
What a bounder's paradise their lightning pace reveals!
Through the suburbs in the night
How they shriek out their delight!
With their fiendish root-a-toot,
And none too soon,
What a sudden fear they shoot
Through the ancient dame that hastens o'er the route,
Like to swoon!
Oh, upon those bounding wheels,
What a knickerbockered howler arrogantly squeals!

How he peals!
And congeals!
All the heart blood! How he steals
On the passenger that reels
At the flashing and the dashing
Of the wheels, wheels, wheels,
Of the wheels, wheels, wheels, wheels,
Wheels, wheels, wheels—
At the rushing and the crushing of the wheels!

—St. James's Budget.

I-SPY.

"Ee-nie, mee-nie, minie, mo,"
Er' standin' up in single row,
Countin' down 'n back once more
Jest one shorter 'n 'twas before;
"Taint much fun ter hev ter blind,
Rest are purty hard ter find;
Only two left, count it slow,
"Ee-nie, mee-nie, minie, mo."

Yeller strawstack piled up high,
Clim' on top if yer min' ter try,
Snuggle way in 'n out uv sight,
Place ter hide daytime er night.
Keep er huntin' roun' 'n' roun',
Jest lay still 'n' yer can't be foun',
Laughin' at 'em I say sorter low,
"Ee-nie, mee-nie, minie, mo."

Like ter lay 'n' watch ther blue,
No one in ther world but you,
Snowy clouds jest seem ter float,
Sailin' swift like some big boat;
Larks 'n' bluebirds singin' say
Heaven can't be so far away,
Boys er sayin' down ber-low,
"Ee-nie, mee-nie, minie, mo."

Sunthin' in ther sun 'n' air,
Can't jest tell, but feel it there,
Lookin', lookin' thro' ther blue,
Couldn't say, but wish I knew;
Swallers go er skimmin' past,
Oh! If this could only last;
Next time goin' ter count jest so,
"Ee-nie, mee-nie, minie, mo."

—Walter S. Stranahan.

Miscellany.

PIERRE PAULDING'S FAME.

Last Surviving Child of the Captors of Major Andre, the Spy.

The treason of Benedict Arnold and the capture and execution of his agent Major John Andre, was one of the most important episodes of the Revolution, and as many years over a century have elapsed since that event, it

PIERRE PAULDING.
(Last surviving child of the captor of Andre.)

may surprise most readers to learn that there is still living one of the children of Major John Paulding, who was one of the foremost actors in that important scene. John Paulding was born in Westchester county, N. Y., October 16, 1758, and was a young man at the time of the event, which has made his name famous. He was three times married, and by these marriages became the father of eighteen children, many of whom lived to mature years, and have left a numerous and respected line of descendants.

Pierre Paulding, the youngest child, was born September 2, 1818, and his early years were passed at the home of his father on a farm near Crowspond, which was formerly the property of a Tory, and having been confiscated and sold was bought by John Paulding and partly paid for by the rewards received for his acts of patriotism.

Born of healthy and long lived ancestors, and with the added advantage of country life and regular habits, it is not so strange that Pierre Paulding has reached his seventy-seventh year, with apparent promise of many years to come. On his seventy-fifth birthday he started from Peekskill and walked to New York, stopping on his way to salute the monument erected in honor of his illustrious sire, and his equally illustrious companions, and made the journey in much less time than would be required by many younger men.

A Mean Insinuation.

"My dear nephew," wrote Uncle Allen Sparks, who was spending his vacation down in the country, "I send you to-day a peck of fine, large juicy peaches, fresh from the tree. They are the best I have seen this year, and I hope you will enjoy them.

"Your affectionate uncle.

"P. S.—The quantity I really send you is a bushel, but there won't be more than a peck of them when they reach you. They go by express."—Chicago Tribune.

Paternal Advice.

"Ben," said the old colored deacon to his son, "you's a-gwine out now inter de great en wicked worl'."

"Yes, suh!"

"En you wants ter heed my exwise."

"Yes, suh!"

"Well, dis is erbout all I got ter say ter you: Don't go in de poultry business when de moon is shinin,' en always be sho' en keep in de front part er de mule!"—Atlanta Constitution.

No Spinoza for Him.

The serious-minded girl at the summer hotel has just got acquainted with the latest male arrival, and was trying to draw him into a discussion on ethics

"Mr. Ribboncounter," she began, "do you agree with Spinoza?"

Ha! ha!" laughed the young man. "That's a funny way to put it. I suppose you mean does Spinoza agree with me. No; I cant' say that it does. Those imported cheeses always makes me sick."—Buffalo Express.

Two Murders—One Robbery.

Voice (through the telephone)—Is that the city editor?

Answering Voice—Yes. What do you want?

"Will you please tell me the score?"

"There isn't any ball game in town to-day."

"Ball game nothing! I want to know the score against Holmes up to 6 o'clock."—Chicago Tribune.

GETTING INFORMATION.

Sample Conversations of a Ticket Seller With Prospective Travelers.

The man who is city ticket agent in Chicago of any trunk line learns in a short time to have that pleasant look which the photographer would impart. He learns to smother his feelings. In this age of travel this agent must meet every sort and condition of men and women. The old lady or man who occasionally goes out of town for a day must ask as many questions as the man or woman who is planning a journey. There is an organization of these ticket agents which meets somewhere at some time not known to the officers of the roads, and there they fall upon each other's necks and weep and groan over the trials and tribulations of the day, says the Chicago Tribune. And there they join hands and swear to be agreeable, on the surface at least, during business hours.

The experience of a city ticket agent is like hash at a boarding house—the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The same questions every day. Here is the history of a little visit to John Wright, without any padding or essay coloring; and what he sees and hears and says they all see and hear and say:

A sunburnt man asked the fare to Springfield ,Mo. The agent told him, offhand.

"What time does the train leave?"

"One at 11 a. m., one at 2 and one at 6 p. m."

"Have I got time to make the 11 a. m. train?"

"I don't know what you have to do. If you will go from here direct to the depot you will have time. If you want to go out to the ball game you won't."

"Yes; I see. And if I don't make the 11 a. m. train, I can go on the 2 p. m.?"

"Yes; if you get there in time."

"What time is it now?"

"Ten-thirty."

"That railroad time, or city time?"

"All time in Chicago is the same."

"I don't think I can make the 11 a. m. I suppose I could, though, if I hustled. If I take the 11 a. m., what time will I get to Sent Looy?"

The agent told him the hour.

"And then how much time will I have in Sent Looy before the train for Springfield goes out?"

"About five minutes."

"That won't do. I want to see a cousin of my wife's who lives in Sent Looy, and I will have to hunt him up. If I don't take the 11 a. m. and go on the 2 p. m., what time does she get to Sent Looy?"

The agent told him that.

The man asked to look at a map.

"Is this the C. and A.?" asked the little woman with a valise making her lonsided.

"Yes, ma'am."

Does your road go to Alton?"

"All trains on our road run to Alton."

"That's what I thought. I mean that's what I meant. How much is it to Alton?"

She was given the rate. Then she mopped her tired-looking face. Few women have learned the art of keeping cool when traveling. Having "thought," she continued:

"First class, that means?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Any parlor or chair car on the train?"

"Chair car on all trains. Which train do you want to take?"

"I hadn't thought of that I suppose I want to go on the first train, though, don't I?"

"Really, I am unable to say."

Can I stop off at Springfield? I want to visit my aunt who used to live there, though we hadn't heard anything about her since the strike last summer. Her husband was a railroad man. Maybe you have met him."

"Possibly, ma'am."

"Short, heavy-set man, with full beard and gray eyes. Deaf in one ear."

"I think I have met him," said the agent in a manner that would have won for him in North Carolina the title of "Plum Honey."

"But you can not stop off at Springfield on a through ticket," said the agent, thinking that he had made one lap.

"If I don't leave till to-morrow, what time will I get into Alton?"

"Depends on the train you take."

"Yes, that's so. I hadn't thought of that. I reckon as long as I am going I might as well go to-day."

With this decision she began to fish in her reticule for her money.

"Say," chimed in the man who had been studying the map, "this here durned thing is all Dutch to me. Don't your road cross the river goin' to Sent Looy?"

"Certainly."

"I don't see no bridge on the map. But if you say it crosses there, I reckon it does. The last time I crossed the river at Sent Looy it was on the ice. It was the coldest winter I ever saw. The wagon wheels froze in their tracks. Well, make me out a ticket on the 6 p. m., and throw in a sleepin' car. I never could sleep much on one of the durned things, but if a feller sets up all night, he's liable to take cold. A neighbor of mine went to Omaha once, and thought he'd set up all night, so as to save expenses, and he caught cold in his throat, and the doctor had to cut his tonsils out, and he never was any good after that. He used to herd cattle for a living and when he lost his tonsils his voice was all broke down, and he couldn't drive cattle without a voice."

The agent made out his tickets and handed him a pen. "Sign your name there and there and there," he said, indicating three blanks.

"Well, I'll try; but I ain't had a pen in my hand since I cut my wrist on a scythe in the summer of '80. Not to write with. I'll bet you can't read it when I write it."

"Don't think," said the agent, "that because a man has hayseed in his hair and egg on his shirt front that he is the only one who takes up your time. Some city people are as bad in their way."

He had not more than said it when a well-dressed commercial-looking man under a straw hat with a cartwheel brim danced up to the counter and asked:

"How much to St. Louis?"

The agent told him.

"Time does train leave?"

"Eleven, two, six."

"Time does train leave in the evening?"

"Six."

"Reserve me sleeper six train this evening; lower."

"Can't hold it after 3 p. m."

"Can't? Why can't you?"

"Rule of the company's."

"—— fool rule. I won't have it. I'll go on another road."

"That is your privilege. I suppose, though, I might break over the rule for you, and get myself fired. If it is any accommodation to you, though, I'll do it."

"Funny, aren't you? Paid for being funny, I suppose. Company hires you to entertain its patrons. You ought to have a job as an end man in a minstrel show. You're too funny to be in the railroad business, you are. That's right. See? Good day."

And off he went with the mercury 110 under his collar.

"Gimme two tickets to St. Paul," said a man as he dragged a poor woman to the counter.

"We have no trains to St. Paul."

"Ain't this the Chicago Great Western?"

"No, sir."

"Nor the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul?"

"No, sir."

"Nor the C. and N.?"

"No, sir."

"Then where am I? I ain't got no time to be foolin' round here. Why 'n thunder and lightnin' didn't you say so. I'll bet I'll miss my train. Come on, 'Lide, don't let's hang around here; get a move on you."

And he dragged the woman out as he had dragged her in.

And so the day goes in the ticket offices of the trunk line roads of a city like Chicago.

NEW NOSE-BIT.

It Cures a Horse of Shying and Makes Him Easily Managed.

A man in Hartford, Conn., says the Times, of that city, has invented a device that will cure a horse of shying and make him perfectly tractable. It

THE NEW NOSE-BIT.

is called a "nose-bit," and yet it is not a bit at all. It does not go into the horse's mouth, but over his nose, and even that it hardly touches, except when the driver pulls on it.

The arrangement is well shown in the accompanying cut. It is said that a very slight pull on the reins will bring the "bit" against the end of the horse's nose, and that magic touch does the business. The unaccustomed pressure gives the animal a distinctively novel sensation, and it is one that he never gets used to.

No matter what hubbub may be going on around him, so long as that gentle pressure on the tip of his nose continues his mind will be busy contemplating it, to the exclusion of surrounding things.

A GRACEFUL CARRIAGE.

The First Requisite is to Acquire a Firm, Elastic Step.

To put the foot down prettily is to walk gracefully, to seem to have a pretty foot whether it is really pretty or not, to secure a stylish carriage, to make the skirts hang well and the waist seem long, to—well, to put the foot down well is to secure many of the blessings of life, says the Philadelphia Press. Don't believe it when you are told to put the toe down first. The foot should be so lightly poised on the ankle that when the lift from the hip is made in taking a step, the foot naturally swings, toe down, so that the forward part of the foot touches the ground first. That is very different in effect from stiffly pointing the toe down and trying to walk that way.

Put the feet down so that the heels would keep pretty closely on an imaginary chalk line, the toes always a little outside of the line. The full weight of the body should be on the foot that is on the ground, and one ought to be able to balance prettily at any moment on the single foot that is supposed to be carrying the walker's weight. If this can be done, it is proof that the body is well poised and well carried.

It is, of course, nice to have a "springy" step. The girls in the book usually have 'em, and the nice young hero always has that sort. But, no matter how springy the step is, if the foot is put down properly the head will be carried along a perfectly level line, and not go bobbing up and down like a ship in a high sea. If the heels follow a line and the toes fall outside the line a little then the body will advance without any side-swinging of the shoulders. This turning of the body first to the right and then to the left is a general fault of the walking of American women, and if the foot is put down properly this awkwardness will be avoided.

The women who wear a house gown of correct length, that gracefully hangs about the feet and touches the floor all around, should not lift her sole from the floor when she walks. The heel rises a little, but the toe pushes prettily forward, shoving the hem of the dress out of the way as the step is taken. To put the foot down well is to walk well, and, besides, it has a moral side, for the girl who has the strength of mind to say "No" in the right place is the girl who can "put her foot down," isn't she? If a woman could only be guaranteed that footing her bills would be included she would be converted to the proper way of walking at once; but that can not be done, and graceful walkers are very scarce.

Mascot for the Defender.

Since Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin christened the yacht Defender she has become so closely identified with that famous aquatic flyer that most people regard her as a mascot. Mrs. Iselin knows the boat from stem to stern, and has been on board of her on all of her trial trips and races. She has a gift which few women have ever possessed—the gift of being aboard a boat and not being in the way. She knows exactly where to be when she is on

MRS. C. OLIVER ISELIN.

deck, so as not to interfere with the working of the vessel. She knows every rope and spar, and she looks at every sail with the comprehensive glance of a true born sailor, and watches with the deepest interest every movement made by the crew or the sailing master in running the boat while racing. A woman who only knows a deck from the well-protected stand-point of a steam or fine schooner yacht has no idea of how slippery the unprotected deck of the Defender is, with only its life-line above the planks about the edge of the boat. Nevertheless the Defender's godmother manages to hold her own even when the deck slants like a pitch roof house. The crew of the Defender look on Mr. Iselin's wife as the mascot, and if she sails with them in the great cup races against the Valkyrie III every mother's son of them will work with added enthusiasm.

A Libel Case.

Judge (to witness)—Do you swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

Defendant—Heavens, if he does, Jones will want more damages from him than from me!—Puck.

THE HARDEST PIANO PIECE.

Some Serious and Some Frivolous Estimates by Musicians.

"Among all known musical compositions written for the piano, which is the most difficult of execution?" To this often asked question Le Figaro has endeavored to obtain a definite and final answer by interviewing the best known pianists and teachers of the piano in Paris, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. The attempt has not been very successful. Some of the "virtuosi" interviewed saw in the question only an opportunity to say something clever and epigrammatic, and made no attempt to really answer it. Others wandered from the point by confusing execution with interpretation. Those who rightly understood the question as referring solely to mechanical difficulties and treated it seriously in their replies were so far apart in their views that the discussion was practically unresultant, and left the question but little nearer settlement. The palm of difficulty was not definitely awarded, but there was so much in the discussion that will probably be of interest to students of piano music that it has seemed worthy of review.

No fewer than sixteen compositions and groups of compositions are named by the French pianists as among those presenting the greatest technical difficulties to the performer. They are as follows: Beethoven's sonata, opera 57 and 106; Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue"; Brahme's "Variations on a Theme of Paganini," Balakireff's "Islamey," Chopin's "Ballades," first, third and fourth, and the finale of his sonata in B flat minor; Liszt's "Etudes" and twelfth "Rhapsody," Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor and his "Etudes Symphoniques," St. Saens's "Allegro Appassionata," a sonata by Tha.berg and a sonata by Von Weber. Of these compositions only four have more than one vote, and none has more than two. Only one composition has the undivided support of its adherents. This is Balackireff's "Fantaisie Orientale Russe," "Islamey," which both Louis Diemer and Francis Plante declare to be preeminently the most difficult to execute of all music yet written for the piano. Mme. Roger-Miclos and Marmontel, the oldest of the professors of the Paris Conservatoire, pronounce for Liszt's "Rhapsodie, No. 12," among others; Rival Pugno and Mme. Roger-Miclos name the Beethoven sonata in B flat, opus 106, and these two pianists are also agreed as to the extraordinary difficulty of Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor.

"Islamey," then, must be pronounced the winner in Le Figaro's competition. This composition is not very generally known among American pianists. Of the three other more familiar works named as peculiarly difficult, American pianists generally will be inclined to rank the Beethoven sonata "fur Hammerklavier," opus 106, as the severest test of virtuosity. The other Beethoven sonata that figures in the list of the sixteen most difficult compositions opus 57, the familiar "Sonata Appassionata," is the repertoire piece of about every professional pianist. Opus 106 is very seldom played in public. As practical proof of its difficulty it may be mentioned that Von Bulow once publicly broke down in it while playing it from memory, some years ago, at Chickering hall. The break-down was covered up, the audience being given to understand that something had gone wrong with the instrument. The tuner in attendance was sent on the stage with instructions to spend fifteen or twenty minutes in ostensibly putting the piano to rights, while Von Bulow, out of earshot of the audience, utilized the time thus gained by furiously practicing on an upright piano, the passage that had baffled him. As for the difficulty of the Liszt "Rhapsodie," it may be remarked that this perfect pianist, than whom no composer ever knew better the capabilities and the limitations of technique, wrote always "for the hand," and presented no problems of execution out of the range of virtuosity. Classing one of his compositions as pre-eminent for technical difficulties is, therefore, rather the reverse of a compliment to this composer. The proverb in regard to those who ask questions that the wisest cannot answer may be not improperly borne in mind while considering problems of execution that the most skilled pianist cannot fully solve, presented in musical compositions intended to be played upon the piano by mortal hands.

The epigrammatic answers of one of the Parisian pianists to Le Figaro's questions, though they have next to no relevance, are sufficiently amusing and suggestive to be worth quoting. C. de Beriot holds that, since pianists are not provided, as they should be, with five thumbs on each hand and are forced to struggle all their lives against the inequality of their fingers, as to strength and length, and especially against the weakness of the fourth finger, the technical feat that pianists find the most difficult of all is playing the simple scale, as it should be played, with absolute evenness. Dubreuil's opinion, which, paradoxical as it may be, is shared by many a timid player at the moment he takes his seat on the piano stool before his audience, is "for me the most difficult of piano pieces is whatever piece I happen to be playing, while I am playing it." Andrew Gresse believes that the composition most difficult of all to play with entire correctness is any composition but one finds himself obliged to play in the presence of its composer. Composers much in the habit of hearing their compositions played will, probably, if they are quite frank, fully endorse M. Gresse's view. And even the most skilled of pianists will own that sometimes, bowing himself off the stage amid storms of applause for his "perfect execution" of some monumental work of Bach, Beethoven or Schumann, he has had much reason to rejoice in his heart that the composer could not have possibly have heard his playing, being dead. "Les morts no reclament pas!" as M. Andrew Gresse puts it.

Longevity of Norwegians.

Norway is a small country, and the savings and doings of its people do not get into newspaper type very often; but the Norwegians, nevertheless, have a claim upon celebrity due to the fact that the average length of life is greater there than in any other country in Europe. Recent statistics show that for males the average is 48 years and 3 months, and for females it is 51 years and 1 months. It is a valuable commentary on this that the mortality in Norway is 17 per cent. less than in the center or west of Europe, this being due to the fact that a far smaller number of infants die there than in any other country.—Chicago Chronicle.

Reassuring Sir Henry.

"The Diner Out" is responsible for this story in the London Queen, about Sir Henry Irving, who, as is well known, will sit up to any hour of the morning with his cronies on a big night. One morning in the States, after such a night, while he was sitting at breakfast, a large rat bounded right past his legs. Sir Henry naturally started, but the waiter, who knew what a social evening he had gone through, came up to him reassuringly and whispered, "It's all right, Mr. Irving; it was a rat!"

He Did.

Fact—Did you feel the force and direfulness of that pointed article I left for you this morning?

Editor (furiously)—So it was you who put that bent pin in my chair, was it, you scoundrel!—New York World.

Wanted to be Exact.

"There was 4,999 eyes fixed on the speaker at the meeting."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I would have said 5,000, only I noticed that a man in the crowd was blind in one eye."

Our Serial Story.

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THE GOLDEN ROCK,

—BY—

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE FOSSICKERS," "A FAIR COLONIST," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued).

There was a profound silence up in that lofty eyrie, and the long-continued strain they had been subjected to made them more liable to the sad influence of the surroundings.

In the cave Webster was recovering his strength in a profound sleep, while behind him the lean Gaika, stretched at length in the narrow tunnel, kept dorgedly on guard, his position being the safest but the most trying, from the cramped surroundings and intense gloom.

The post of danger, however, was on the Eye, where Hume sat herring the only possible way of approach to the unknown enemy who had struck down Webster. Fully two thousand feet below him was the wide valley, hidden now by the blackness of night, and showing its depth only by one tiny point of red where a fire blazed in some kraal.

So they continued at their several posts well into the night until the wind rose, poured into the ravine and, as on the previous night, went moaning into the ear of the cave, and through the narrow tunnel.

Hume stirred in his seat, and placed his finger on the trigger. The moment, he thought, had come. Then the faint crack of a rifle broke on his ear, followed by a confused murmur of voices, and almost at his feet, though far down, a circle of fires pierced the darkness with their red points. The fires were evidently on the deserted right side of the valley, and, as he judged, in the neighborhood of the ruins.

Bringing the rifle to his shoulder, and with his elbow resting on his knee, he idly signted at one of these gleaming points. While his finger played with a come-and-go touch in the curve of the trigger, his nerves suddenly tightened at a slight sound. It was a sound made by a man expanding his nostrils—the noise he had heard at the reeds—and, slowly bringing the muzzle round, he fired into the night. There was the vivid flash, the crashing report, suddenly breaking the silence, and a startled cry from his rear, where Laura still sat dreaming near the still figure of the chief.

Then a deeper silence than before save that the wind wailed down the ravine; and Hume, softly rising to his feet, slipped in another cartridge.

In a moment Sirayo was by his side, having come without a sound, and the two stood intently listening, without a whisper even of what had occurred.

"Are you safe? Oh, what is it?" It was Laura's frightened voice hailing.

Sirayo clicked with his tongue at the interruption, and Hume half-turned his head.

"Frank," she cried again, near at hand. "Frank; oh, how dark!"

Hume thought of the narrow ledge of the fearful precipice, of the danger of one false step in the dark, and cried out:

"Stand where you are. I am coming."

Immediately the darkness below was pierced by lurid flashes and bullets smacked against the rock or whistled fiercely overhead.

Hume fired both barrels, and then swung behind the projecting rock which formed the ear of the face.

"Oh, merciful lady," came in a gasp from behind.

"Take her to the cave, chief," said Hume, quickly, "and return with the other gun."

Sirakyo slipped away, and Hume, taking a heavy Colt's revolver from his belt in his left hand, swung himself round and fired along the ledge on the further face of the mountain. The first shot was swiftly answered and, as quick as lightning he emptied the remaining barrels, guided by the flash.

Sirayo returned, and Hume explained to him that the enemy must be advancing along a ledge which sloped away to their right for about 100 paces, to disappear around a projecting rock.

"We should hold this place against a hundred. The only danger is lest two or three should crawl up while their companions fire to attract our attention."

"It is easy to shoot wide in the dark," muttered Sirayo, "but when a man gets close enough to thrust an assegai it is different." He felt about with his naked feet to find the nature of the foothold.

Hume fired again, drawing, as before, an instant reply, the bullets singing viciously overhead.

"They fire high," said Hume.

"How wide is the ledge?"

"It will take two men crawling side by side."

"Soh! Here is a plan. Let one of us get out flat on the ledge. The other will stand there and fire. Then the first will hear if any advance on their bellies and shoot."

"It is good; I will take theledge."

"Nay, the plan is mine; I will take the ledge, and if the bullet misses, the assegai will not."

"No, chief; your assegai is good against one or two, but this little gun holds six lives."

"Go, then," said Sirayo, with a grim chuckle; "but when your little gun has spoken let me try my assegai."

Hume took off his boots, laid his rifle and cartridge belt aside, and then, feeling his way with his hands, he crept on, inch by inch, several yards, until he was well out on the ledge. Then he sat close against the wall of rock, with his revolver ready—waiting. It was a dangerous position, and his life depended on the keenness of his hearing and steadiness of nerve. Before him were cunning foes stealthily advancing, and within a yard was the lip of the sheer precipice.

No sooner had he sat down than Sirayo, standing well out in the Eye, fired, and the bullet, striking the side of the mountain, went humming into the darkness. A solitary shot replied; then another nearer; and a third still nearer; and immediately after the third report a shout rolled out, deep and fierce, thundering taunts.

"Look out," hissed Sirayo, and fired again.

The shouting increased, and Hume's grasp tightened on his revolver, while his breathing came quicker. What was that? The sound of metal touching the rock—just touching it—but the faint tinkle was enough. There were men crawling up, then! That soft noise—it must be made by naked men crawling. His arm stiffened—his eyes were riveted—he now scarcely breathed. Was that a darker shadow before him?—almost within reach—his finger closed on the trigger. There was a groan—the rattle of a spear falling—the flash of a gun almost in his face, so that the burning powder scorched his eyes, and he emptied his remaining barrels before covering his eyes with his hand. As he did so he heard at his side the double report as Sirayo, advancing, fired; heard the terrible Zulu war cry, the clash of blades, the fierce grunting of men in a death struggle. But he sat helpless, blinded, in an agony of pain and apprehension. The sound of the fighting retreated, grew more fitful, died away, and with trembling fingers he refilled the empty chambers of his pistol, and waited, with his hand over his throbbing eyeballs. But the enemy did not come; instead he heard the voice of Sirayo calling:

"Eh, Hu-em—Inkose!" calling surely in some strangely unfamiliar tone of fear.

"Hu-em, my friend, do not desert me."

"What is it, chief?"

"Come, I cling to the rock."

"Good God," cried Hume; "wait," and painfully he groped his blind way along, grinding his teeth.

"Quick, my friend," cried the chief hoarsely.

"Yes, yes; oh, God, for one moment's strength."

"Frank, oh, Frank, where are you?" He turned his head at the sound. "Laura," he cried.

"Oh, thank heaven!"

"Listen," he cried, steadying his voice by a supreme effort. "You will find a ledge on your right. Keep your right hand to the rock and come on quickly, quickly, for God's sake."

There was a sobbing reply, but he heard her come.

"Where are you?"

"Here; but go on quickly to the chief. He is

On the rock above Klaas put a bandage round his master's injured eyes, gave him water, and made a pillow for his head. Sirayo went out on the ledge again to keep watch, bearing his injury with stoic indifference, and grimly bent on doing his duty.

"Sit with your face to the sunrise, Klaas," whispered Hume, "and when you see the sky turn red, bring your mistress here."

"Ewoh, my master."

So they sat in the darkness, and silence deep and brooding.

"It must be time," Hume muttered. "What noise is that?"

"Birds flying over. They smell the morning, and the buck will now take his stand on the edge of the kloof to catch the first warmth of the sun. Ayi; the red line spreads along the sky."

"Call your mistress," Hume cried. "The moment is at hand," he murmured, "and I—I will not see this wonder."

Presently she came and stood by him.

"I am here, Frank."

"Stand in the opening above with your face to the west, and look below to your right. At the first ray of the sun you should see the light on the Golden Rock."

"Am I to stand there alone?" she said, "at this moment we have looked forward to with such longing?"

"Where is Webster?" he asked impatiently.

"He is still asleep. And you, Frank—I see you have been wounded."

"For heaven's sake," he said almost fiercely, "take your stand there. I am all right, but knocked up."

She sighed, and stepped into the embrasure, and stood there waiting, with an oppression at her heart that robbed the moment of all its expected joy. The two natives sat near, calm and unmoved, perhaps marveling at the strange way of these restless white people.

"What do you see?" asked Hume, anxiously, to make her talk, so that she should not hear him moan with the pain he suffered.

"I see the rocks on my right, the outlines of mountains beyond, a tremulous light around, but below it is jet black. No—there is a faint luminous track winding through the blackness."

"That is the layer of mist over the river."

"There is a glow on the summits of the distant mountains; and, oh! above me, on the rocks, there is the reflection as from fire. It is the sunlight streaming and it stretches out fan-shaped, pouring its radiance down into the darkness in countless quivering threads of silver."

"Follow that gleam," he cried. "Don't let your gaze wander."

"It is shivered by a projecting rock on the mountain side," she continued; "but the center broadens out and flows on deeper and deeper, the darkness flying before it, and now there is a lake lying far below; no, it is land, I think, rolling prairie, and oh!"

"What, what!"

"Come and look at this, a gleaming spot far off that glows like the heart of a furnace; give me your hand."

"No, I am free, Laura, that is the Rock. Look well at it."

"Is that the Rock?" she whispered; "it glows, it flashes back the light. There is a pale radiance that quivers above and around, and a wide belt of purple about its base, a belt of color that widens, contracts, and coils upon itself. Purple, no, it is not purple, it is like a band of opal; now 'tis red, blood-red," and her voice sank to an awed whisper, "and the yellow flames above shine wonderfully."

"Mawoh," muttered Klaas.

"Well, what now?"

"It is gone—faded;" and she stood looking below with her wide-opened eyes and parted lips, and a glow of color in her cheeks. "Frank, it was such a sight I saw when we were on the mid-Atlantic."

"And has it repaid you for all you have suffered?" he asked.

"Repaid me; it was beautiful! But it has not repaid me, and will not till I stand beside the Rock itself."

"That can not be," he said in low tones.

"And why?" she asked, still looking away.

"Webster is ill, and fresh excitement may bring on fever."

"He is rapidly recovering, I am sure; and the news that we have seen the Golden Rock will restore him."

"Then Sirayo is wounded."

"His arm is bruised, not broken; and then we have you."

"I am blind!" and, the long restraint he had put upon him giving way, he flung his hands out before him with a groan of bitter disappointment.

"Blind!" she murmured, "blind!" and sinking beside him, she caught his hands in a convulsive grasp and looked into the drawn and bandaged face. "Oh, Frank, why did you not tell me of this before? How did it happen? But never mind now; let me lead you to the cave. Blind! and out on that fearful ledge."

"Yes," he said, with a ghastly smile, "lead me to the hospital."

"Hollo!" shouted Webster, as they approached the opening, "I thought you had left me, cast me adrift without compass or food, and I have a most extravagant appetite. Don't look so downcast, I assure you I am quite well. Why, what is it?"

"You see, I am crippled, Jim, disabled, blind, worse than useless."

"Laura, I don't believe it;" and rising, Webster stepped to Hume's side, took his hand; then, as he caught the signs of suffering, he gently pressed him to the couch, while Laura leaned against the rock with her hands before her face, her courage gone at last.

"Hurt, while I have been lying here like a log. Well, it's my turn to help now. Let us look at it;" Gently he drew away the roughly tied bandage, and caught his breath at what he saw. He looked quickly over his shoulder. "Laura, tell Klaas to get some water." She went out slowly, and he examined the injury. The upper part of Hume's face was blackened, the eyelashes and eyebrows burnt off, the eyelids glued to the cheeks. "Poor lad," he muttered, "she must not see this."

"Is it so bad, shall I ever see again, Jim?"

"Aye, man, that you will! I have seen a worse case mend within a week to the proper treatment. Laura, you look worn—lie down and rest. This is my case, Klaas, bring water and some clean, damp moss."

Klaas quickly returned, and Webster began, with a gentle touch, to moisten the eyelids.

Hume caught him by the wrists. "Leave me alone—it's torture."

"Good—the powder has pierced the lids, and what remains is the grit on the eyeballs," and he went on speaking. "Now for the damp moss," and, picking out all the coarse stuff, he placed a portion over each eye, and tied the bandage round. "Now, take this bravely, and keep quiet." Then, in singular contradiction to his own words, he burst out, "How the devil did this happen?"

An hour after he sponged the eyes again, and continued, at lesser intervals throughout the morning, heedless of his patient's terrible sufferings.

"I'll tell you what," he said, as though with a sudden inspiration; "we'll get back to the river, and drift down to the coast on a raft. The rest will do us all good."

"Yes," she said, "let us go quickly; I have lost all desire to see the Rock."

Sirayo's form darkened the opening.

"What!" almost shouted Webster, "are you wounded too?"

"The people are moving down below," said the chief; "the same we fought, and there are others gathering beyond the river. I think they will fight."

"Which way do the Zulus move?" asked Hume, sitting up.

"Away towards the shining place from the spot where we saw the fires burn last night."

"Are there many of the other people?"

"Aye, they outnumber the Zulus, but they are not eager for the fight. Maybe they have already been attacked."

"We will descend then."

"Descend!" said Laura.

"Yes, this is our chance. If there is to be a fight our help may decide the day, and instead of being opposed by the people of the valley, they should assist us in turn for our support. Don't you see that, Jim?"

In vain they tried to presuade him, but opposition only made him the more stubborn, and after noon they began the long and perilous descent. The valley revealed its every feature now in the sunlight; and across its near side they saw moving a dark body of men. Beyond the river was another body, larger in number, and stationary. The men on the march, evidently the small army of Zulus, last seen at the reeds, were moving in the direction of the spot where Laura had seen the shining light; the others had begun to cross the river to offer battle—if, that is, they thought of resistance.

The little band on the mountain watched the scene for some moments, then Klaas, as being the most active, went ahead; Sirayo followed, then Laura. Hume and Webster, with rhelms connecting them. Of necessity their advance was slow, but after they had passed over the scene of the night's conflicts with its stains of blood, and rounded the projecting rock, they struck the top of a ravine, down which the way was safer, though more difficult to traverse because of the loose shale. After many a rest they arrived safely near the bottom, and, waiting until Klaas, who had been sent on to scout, returned with a favorable report, they reached the valley near sunset.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

Immediately before them rose a conspicuous mound, which they believed to be the ruins marked on the map, and though, from the fires still smouldering near, they knew the Zulus had camped there, they rapidly determined it was the best position for them to hold. Quickly, therefore, they struck across and found themselves under a broken bush-covered wall, which surrounded an irregular mass of masonry, out of which rose a crown of foliage. They walked around seeking for an inlet, and stepped off the circumference at one hundred and fifty yards. On the south, where the wall was intact, it rose to a height of ten feet, and appeared to be of great thickness, and, though at other points it was lower, there was a continuous natural fence of stiff brushwood, showing no entrance anywhere. They saw, too, from the ring of fires, that the Zulus had camped quite a hundred yards from the ruins at a spot where a spring of clear water bubbled from a belt of rushes.

"It would not be safe to camp out here," said Webster; "and if there is no inlet to this place there is no reason why we should not climb over the outer wall." He very quickly mounted to the top, and, springing down, disappeared.

"Come on," he cried, presently; "there is good shelter in here and a clean floor."

Very soon they were all on the wall, and Webster led them along a coping of stone, which wound in and around between heavy walls to an inner chamber, whose floor was covered with sand.

The sounds from the outer were suddenly deadened, the air seemed charged with heaviness, and drowsiness oppressed them. They placed no guard; they made no fire; neither did they talk; but stretched themselves on the sand and slept, and the sky was blue above them when they opened their eyes again.

Yet weariness weighed upon their lids, their limbs were heavy, and the morning air was charged with a sweet odor that seemed to lull the senses.

Slowly they opened their eyes, blinked at the strong light, closed them again, without any feeling of surprise that they had slept so long, then remained still, listening idly. They heard, afar off, the war-song of the Zulu warriors; but it was a sound detached from their surroundings that no longer moved them. They did not ask themselves where they were, nor why. A strange relaxation of mind and body had overcome them—the reaction possibly from the fierce impulse which had impelled them on the face of all danger. Constant activity, want of rest, and poor food had worn them out. Was that the explanation of their stupor, or did it arise from some other source—that faint and subtle odor that recalled to Laura, at least, the swinging of a censor in some dimly-lighted aisle.

"Eh!" said Hume; "what's the matter with my eyes? I cannot open them."

"We're bewitched!" yelled Klaas, whose superstitious terrors were active.

They set up, and then with a cry of fear and amazement looked at each other. They were bound hand and foot! Bound with the very thongs which they had used to secure their packs, their weapons removed, and all their belongings. And yet not one of them had felt the slightest touch or heard the faintest movement of their enemies, neither was there any one visible beyond themselves. The room was about ten feet square, its roof opened to the sky, the walls covered with the shining leaves and twisted tendrils of the wild vine.

"What is the matter?" asked Hume struggling wildly to free his hands.

"Heaven knows!" muttered Webster, staring helplessly at his bonds.

"And to be blind like this?" cried Hume, in fierce and bitter despair. "Sirayo, what do you say?"

There were beads of sweat on the chief's forehead, for his bruised arm had been torn from the sling and tightly bound, while his fingers trembled with the pain. "It is true, we have been bewitched," he said, hoarsely, "for I felt no one touch me, even though they bound my wounded arm."

"Laura, are you also bound?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Webster struggled to free himself, then rolled over until with his fingers he could touch her cold hand.

"This is awful," muttered Hume. "Can't you see any spoor?"

"No," growled Webster, "the sand has been kicked up, but I can see no footmarks." For several minutes he remained as if in a stupor, then making a frantic effort, he rose to his feet, swayed about a minute, and in a series of jumps reached the opening, where he steadied himself. "Good heavens!" he gasped.

They all heard, with a feeling of something terrible impending.

"What now!" cried Hume.

"Nothing," came the faint reply, "but the tightening of the ropes," but when he turned there was a look of horror in his eyes.

Slowly he shuffled to his former place, then turned his head to watch the opening while his breath came quickly.

"You have seen something," she whispered with her eyes fixed on the opening.

"No," he said, "there is no one there. Laura can you move up against the far end of the wall? You will be in the shade there. Try, please.

She slowly crept to the wall, then Hume was asked to join her, and with a deep groan as his weakness, he did so. Then Webster, with a sigh of relief, sat with his back to them, and his face to the opening, and there came into his eyes that same look of horror. The two warriors saw his fixed gaze, caught, too the fear in it, and their eyes were fastened on the opening.

Spellbound they gazed at something that flickered in the opening at a height of about three feet from the ground, something strange, black, supple, that quivered in the air like a thin flame of fire, insignificant in size, yet suggestive in its lightning play of some thing terrible.

Scarcely breathing they waited for what was to follow, and in a moment found themselves looking into the unwinking eyes of a huge serpent. The long head and about two feet of the muscular body, alone showed, head high above the ground, and remaining there fixed as if cast in bronze. The sunlight pouring on the large scales made them glow like bits of burnished metal in tints of blue and yellow, while a green-ish light smouldered in the unwinking eyes. In the actual size of the head there was nothing alarming, it was scarcely bigger than a man's hand, with the thumb bent in, the fingers extended and the knuckles arched, while the neck was no thicker than a man's wrist. A strong man might grasp it by the neck and strangle it—so Webster thought—but the eyes—ah! in their fixed, impenetrable stare, there was the suggestion of unknown power and mysterious force. Suddenly the forked tongue darted out from the aperture in the grim jaws, quivered rapidly, and then the head was withdrawn.

"Thank God!" murmured Webster.

With a faint cry, Laura fainted away, and was mercifully spared the fresh trial.

"Ah! Heavens! Again!" whispered Webster, while, with an awful cry, the Gaika wriggled back to the far end of the room, and turned his face to the wall.

Suddenly the snake darted its head along the floor, and the body poured in with a swift and silent motion, the muscles standing in a ridge along its swelling bulk. Half way it reached across the floor in that swift dart; then its head and neck curved back and the body was bent like a huge S to permit the fatal strike at its destined victim, one half of its length stretching into the passage beyond.

"I can tell there is something awful in the room," said Hume, in hollow tones. "Tell me what?"

Webster gulped down a lump in his throat. "A snake," he gasped, and his eyes, wild and staring, were held as in a spell. He was the nearer, for Sirayo had shrunk against the wall at the side. This thing, he thought, could only take one. Well, all right; he would not see Laura die. The snake moved its head from side to side, and his head moved also. The tongue darted out, and his lips quivered. The head was suddenly uplifted, and he staggered to his feet. He began to laugh foolishly, and his features twitched horribly. His body swayed to and fro, and, with an inarticulate cry, he fell forward, his outstretched hands striking against the cold scales. With a loud hiss the snake darted forward till its head rested on Laura's insensible body, and its coils gathered upon Webster's. So it remained a minute, then the head was reared against the wall, the leaves rustling to the strange flowing movement of the heavy coils, the tail presently slithered over the sand, went up the wall, and disappeared.

Sirayo followed it with bloodshot eyes, looked a moment at the door to see if some new horror were in store, looked at the motionless figures about him, then shouted in Zulu: "It is gone; wake up!"

As if in response to his shout, a low music broke out, thin and monotonous, the strains like a native bow, and gradually, as each one of the helpless band revived, white and horror struck, they listened with intense relief to these signs of human presence. In the grim silence of that room they had begun to think that there was something magical in the manner of their capture, and they would have welcomed any foe in human form rather than that of another visit from the python.

The monotonous strain rose and fell on the heavy air, a sickly vapor sifted in through the cracks in the wall, and suspense gave way before the torture of thirst which suddenly assailed them, and Klaas shouted out to the unseen foes to come and kill him. The music rose to a wail as if in mockery, then receded, grew fainter, died away, was heard again from another point, drew nearer, retreated again, until even Sirayo's iron nerves broke down under the irritation as he shouted himself.

Suddenly, without sound or notice, the door was darkened by the form of an old woman, black and withered. She looked at the prostrate captives with a mingling of fear and rage, but they looked not at her, but at a calabash on her head, on which glittered a few precious drops of water. Was this to be another mode of torture? No, she moved timidly forward, lifter her calabash from her head, while they followed her movements with glittering eyes, then shot a cooling stream into each mouth gaping to receive it. Then the old witch stood there talking passionately, stretching her skinny arms, pointing now to a door, then at the broad trail of the python.

"Silence," said Sirayo, "bring someone here who can listen as well as talk."

She shook her lean hand in his face until the bones cracked, then shuffled out, still shrilly grumbling.

"I am past all feeling of curiosity," said Webster, as his eyes shifted uneasily around the room; "but I should like to know two things, why that old woman has been cursing us after giving us water, and what became of the snake."

He turned his head to scan the wall. "I have a strange feeling in my bones that those evil eyes are still fixed upon me."

They lapsed once more into silence, and listened again to the wailing of the native instrument, heard a sudden outbreak, the sharp crack of rifles, the shouts of men, the wild din of battle!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SETTLED THE BILL.

This Little Woman Worsted a Shylock and Then Had a Good Cry.

Brooklyn people are just now enjoying the clever manner in which a venerable and rich but somewhat stingy Quaker was outdone by a clever little woman recently, says the Chicago Chronicle. The Quaker owns a great deal of property in the City of Churches, including many dwellings. One of these is in Cambridge place, and has been occupied for a year or two by a purser on a trans-Atlantic liner, who was laid off two or three years ago for irregular habits. It was terribly mortifying to his spirited little wife, as they had no money laid by and soon became destitute. They got behind in their rent, and finally their Quaker landlord, who had up to this time personally called to collect his money every month, ordered them out after having lost two months' rent. He then placed the house in the agent's hands.

Three days after the pursur's family were dispossessed a business-like little woman called at the office and rented the Cambridge place house at $5 less a month than it had been bringing before, and she moved in the same. Bright and early on his regular rent day the Jamiaca Quaker called at the Cambridge place house to get acquainted with the new tenants. What was his astonishment to have his ring answered by the same pretty little woman whom he had dispossessed a week before. She cordially invited him in and told him that her husband had been reinstated and that they expected to occupy the house right along. She did not forget to express her pleasure at the reduction in rent. Finally, the old man suggested that he would expect the $60 for back rent, and asked if she was going to pay it.

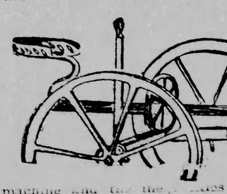
She went to the mantel and brought back a sheet covered with figures, which she handed to the Quaker. The footing was $59.50.

"That's what it cost us to move out and in again," said she, and here's 50 cents to balance the account for back rent," and she produced a receipt all filled in and ready for his signature. The old man signed it, and then, swallowing a lump in his throat, said: "Verily, thee is a dilligent helpmate." The clever little woman bowed him out, closed the door and sat down to have a good cry.

A SWINGING SEAT

Specially Designed to be Attached to Agricultural Implements.

The Scientific American illustrates the seat here described. It is intended to remove the discomfort to the rider that comes from the motion of the



machine and for the inequalities of the ground. It may be adjusted to suit riders of different weights.

The cut shows how the device is arranged. A hoop or bow spring is mounted on either the front or the rear axle, and through it passes a beam supporting the seat on a spring shank at its rear end. The forward end of the beam passes through a sleeve on the tongue or the reach.

By means of a set screw or pin the sleeve is adjusted to suit the weight of the rider. The arrangement of the parts gives plenty of elasticity on even rough ground, the seat remaining level and comparatively unaffected by the motion of the machine.

THIS WAS IN HARD TIMES,

And the Editor Was Shut Off in His Desire to Explain Things.

A story was recently told of how a preacher tested the effect of the hard times upon his congregation. At the conclusion of one of his sermons he said:

"Let every body in the house who pay their debts stand up."

Instantly every man, woman and child with one exception, arose to their feet. He seated the crowd, and then said:

The exception noted, a careworn, hungry individual, clothed in his last summer suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position and leaned upon the back of the seat in front of him.

"How is it, my friend," inquired the minister, "that you are the only man in this large congregation who is unable to meet his obligations?"

"I publish a newspaper," he meekly replied, "and my brethren here who have just stood up, are my subscribers, and——"

"Let us pray!" exclaimed the minister. —Independent Herald.

Variable Terms.

"Mother," said Johnnie, after deep thought, "suppose I should knock this vase off the table and catch it—then I wouldn't catch it, would I?"

"N—n—no, I suppose not," his mother slowly assented.

"But," continued Johnnie, still toying with the vase, "if I should knock it off and not catch it—then I would catch it, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, you would," his mother grimly returned, this time with quick decision. —Rockland Courier.

Mrs. Viola Emery

Indigestion, Cramps

Dyspepsia and catarrh of the bowels, caused my wife great suffering. She has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and has no bad

Hood's Sarsaparilla

symptoms, **Cures** has improved in looks and weight.

I have also taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for **Scrofula** with much benefit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a splendid tonic and blood purifier. HERMAN F. EMERY, 340 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills. 25c.

CLEVELAND'S "DEAD LINE."

HOW THE PRESIDENT IS GUARDED FROM UNWELCOME VISITORS.

All Callers by Land or Sea Promptly Stopped by Officers.

If President Cleveland lived in a castle on the craggy banks of the Rhine he could not be more securely guarded than he is at Gray Gables, says the New York Herald. Nature has put an impassable barrier of water and marsh between him and obtrusive visitors. So situated is the summer home of the chief executive that it requires but two men to guard his absolute seclusion, both by day and night. Mr. Cleveland's home is one of the simplest kind of seaside cottages. It is just a plain oblong building, with broad piazzas running around it. The finishing and furnishing are almost meager. No plastering is used, for the walls are all sealed up with soft wood. The furniture is nearly all wicker-work.

The land on which the house is built is almost an island. It bulges out into Buzzard's Bay in nearly circular form, connected with the mainland by a narrow neck, along which runs the road There is just room enough on this peninsula for the house and the swing for the carriage road, with a bit of lawn surrounding them.

On the end of the point, a little around to the upper side, is moored a floating dock, with movable steps leading out to it. The path running between these steps and Gray Gables is well beaten by the President's heavy footfalls. It is the walk he takes most often.

The private road by which the President's house is reached from the public thoroughfare, near the railroad track, comes in nearly a straight line. At the foot of the peninsula, on a little rise of ground, is built an unpretentious lodge. It is there that the skipper lives who sails the President's catboat, steers his launch and procures the bait.

The Lookout.

Day and night there is stationed in the lodge a secret service officer. He is like the lookout on a ship. It is his duty to watch the whole horizon, landward as well as bayward. This task of his is made comparatively easy both by the absence of trees and the flatness of the country. Should an office-seeker, a pardon-seeker or a crank of any kind come bowling along the dusty road in a carriage or slipping over the blue waters of the bay in a boat, the watcher would be sure to spy him out long before he had got anywhere near the forbidden ground. Whether they come by land or by sea, he would be there to meet them.

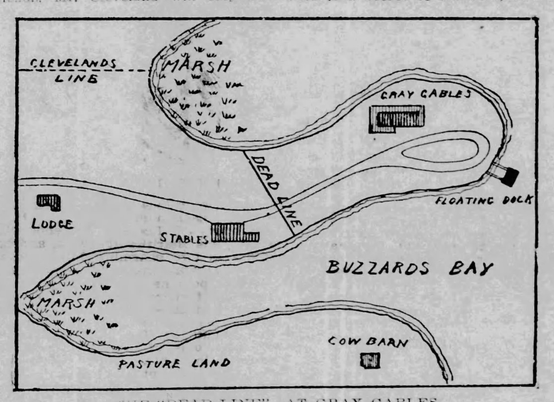
Should they think to play a sharp game, as many do, and make their onslaught by boat, with the idea that the bay was public property and the dock unguarded, they would find a quiet, dignified man, ready to receive them on the float.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he would ask.

"The President."

"What is your business, please?"

Then if they got mad and didn't tell they would not be allowed to step foot out of that boat on to the float. If they did tell there are ten chances to one that they would not be allowed to land either, for outside, of his intimate friends, Mr. Cleveland will only see



THE "DEAD LINE" AT GRAY GABLES.

those with whom he has made appointments.

"Asks to be Excused."

A card or a message will be sent up to the house in a most obliging way, but the invariable answer is that "Mr. Cleveland asks to be excused."

That settles it. Off go the visitors.

With the exception of where it has been cleared away to make room for the float the entire peninsula is surrounded with a wide stretch of marsh and swale, so that it is impossible to land anywhere except at the float.

Much the same performance is gone through with by those who approach on land. They have to traverse half a mile of private road before they reach the lodge. There is no other road leading to Gray Gables, and any one on foot who attempted to cross the marsh would have a sorry time of it.

Met at the Lodge.

At the lodge all carriages are met by either Officers McManus or Hansen, and their occupants are questioned. If they are personal friends of the President or are expected, they are allowed to go on. If they are there simply out of curiosity or with the hope of seeing Mr. Cleveland, they are allowed to go on to "the deadline" as it is called. Beyond that may no man pass without Mr. Cleveland's direct permission.

This "deadline" is established just west of the stables. It was placed there so that vehicles could have an opportunity to turn around in the open space in front of the carriage shed. The driveway is too narrow to turn in any other place. From this outpost messages and cards are taken to the house, while visitors wait with a hope that is almost sure to be blasted.

All the people in the neighborhood who have horses that can be hired, and the livery stable keeper at Buzzard's Bay, have been explicitly instructed that under no circumstances can they drive their teams beyond "the deadline," no matter how vigorously their patrons urge them to do so. As Mr. Cleveland is naturally held in more or less awe by the natives, this rule has never been disregarded.

Why It Was Established.

The occasion for the establishment of "the deadline" was not so much to keep at a distance importunate office seekers as to put a stop to the great annoyance which over-curious people subject the President's family to. Until "the deadline" edict went forth, wagon loads of people from all around would drive into the President's grounds, pull up directly in front of the north piazza, the favorite gathering place of the family, and stare at the people who happened to be sitting there, in a way that was, to say the least, embarrassing. Not only would they stare but also point out to each other the various members of Mr. Cleveland's household, and in stage whispers make such remarks as:

"There, that's Mrs. Cleveland over there in the corner, with the light dress on. Don't look so pretty as her picture, does she? Kinder nice looking, though."

"Do you think that's Ruth?"

"That fat man's Cleveland, sure. You'd never think he was president to look at him."

"I wonder who that other fellow is? Maybe it's Lamont."

After a year of that sort of thing every day, with no holiday from the ordeal of inspection, even on Sunday, Mr. Cleveland established "the deadline."

—Tired women need to have their blood purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will give them strength and health.

PRETTY

AND ATTRACTIVE WOMEN.

Their Good Looks Not a Secret.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

No matter to what country she belongs, or whether she be black or white, as a woman she desires to look well.

Women know the influence of beauty on men; men rarely admire a beautiful invalid, but they do admire a woman in whom is blended good features and perfect health.

There is no secret about a woman's beauty; it all lies in the care she devotes to herself, to removing from her system all poisonous impurities, and keeping at bay those fearful female diseases.

The flashing eye, elastic step, and brilliant complexion are never companions of a womb trouble; only the distressed expression and aches, pains, blues, faintness, dizziness, bearing-down feeling, etc., keep it company.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removes female troubles promptly, and cleanses, invigorates, and consequently beautifies, the form of woman. Women, the world over, pay homage to it, and praise its discoverer. Your druggist sells more of it than all other female medicines.

STAGE VILLAIN'S TOILET.

An Actor's Make-Up in the Character of Svengali.

Perhaps one of the most interesting "make-ups" in the history of the stage is that of the Svengali face, says the New York Herald. The character of Svengali calls for a facial expression that is by no means easy to manufacture. There is a certain weird touch about it that only an expert could possibly hope to achieve. Mr. Wilton Lackaye has achieved it. Such a serious undertaking is it, and so carefully has it to be done, that Mr. Lackaye always allowed himself at least two hours for the task.

The first thing Mr. Lackaye does after taking off his street clothes is to put on the Svengali costume, the apparently dirty undershirt, the frayed and grease-spotted black coat, the shiny and dirty trousers. When this is accomplished Mr. Lackaye sets himself down seriously to work before his mirror and attacks his face. It is literally an attack, for the face first has to be thoroughly rubbed with cold cream.

Then Mr. Lackaye begins to build his nose. Just what composition he uses is a secret of his own, and his dressing room. Most actors would say, of course, that he uses what is known in the profession as "nose putty," which, by being deftly molded, can be stuck on to the nose and change the shape of it in any desired way. This is, however, probably not the way that Mr. Lackaye makes his nose, for he would scarcely have time to build a new one each night and have them so like one another. When it is securely stuck on and the thick roll of flesh down the side of the cheek also built out with putty or some other substance, he colors the whole to blend with his skin and give it the desired hue for the Svengali face.

After the contour of the face has been completed to his satisfaction, Mr. Lackaye proceeds to grow a beard rapidly. This is easily enough stuck on with spirit gum. The broad and shaggy eyebrows he has already prepared, and with a touch or two of the gum presses them over his own eyebrows, and they are made fast until released by a washing with alcohol.

The most difficult part of the whole performance, Mr. Lackaye says, is the changing of the expression of his eyes. This is a bit of artistic work that took him weeks to accomplish to his own satisfaction. It can not be described. It is the result of long experience, combined with a touch of genius in that direction. The result is almost marvelous. From a mild blue eye, with a pleasant expression, in fifteen minutes he appears with a wild and staring eye, almost bulging from its socket, and that would seem to mesmerize people whether or no.

Of course, Mr. Lackaye has all possible assistance in his work. A dresser stands ready to hand him anything he may need. This dresser knows exactly what will be wanted next, whether the false eyebrows, putty nose, the black paint or the cold cream. He has them all laid out handily on a convenient table.

Sometimes Mr. Lackaye does not succeed in catching the expression to his own satisfaction. He then wipes it all off, with assistance of cold cream, and begins again. So enraptis he with the spirit of the character and the part that he would not consent to go on the stage unless he was perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he presented the character that Du Maurier so vividly describes and pictures.

The repulsive idea of bodily uncleanliness he conveys as artistically as he does any of the rest of the change. It doesn't look as though it was paint that made him unclean, but the neglect of the use of soap and water for days on days. Mr. Lackaye is certainly entitled to all the natural gratification that he may get from the public's praise of his work. It is a really notable display of applied intelligence and careful execution.

Climbing Mont Blanc.

It is an expensive as well as a very tiresome undertaking to ascend Mont Blanc. It costs at least $50 per person, for by the law of the commune of Chamouni each stranger is obliged to have two guides and a porter. So far as the danger is concerned, it is now reduced to the minimum, but almost every year the mountain claims a victim. Bad weather is the chief thing feared by the guides, and so swiftly does it come that a cloudless sky may in fifteen minutes turn to a blinding snow storm which beats you to the ground. Thus it was that some years ago a party of eleven persons perished. Five were found frozen stiff in the snow; the other six still lie buried in the Glacier des Boissons. Forty years is the time allowed for the glacier to yield them up in the valley below.

An Epitaph.

Here lies I an' my friend Roe,
Died through drinking bien trop d'eau;
If we'd stuck to British beer,
We shouldn't 'a' been lyin' buried here.

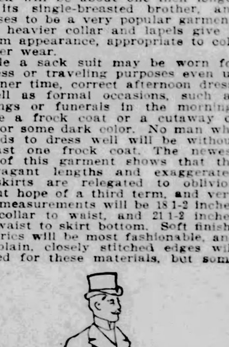
FOR WELL-DRESSED MEN.

DECREES OF THE FASHION FRAMERS FOR WINTER.

Some New Coats and Overcoats as Well as Other Necessaries.

The following summary, says the New York Herald, will be of interest to all who wish to appear correctly dressed from September to March, which comprises the sartorial winter, and will be none the less valuable that it is published early enough to give an opportunity for its proper digestion and consideration:

Up to the close of the luncheon hour the sack suit is not only allowable, but is eminently correct and fashionable. A rule that may always be observed with safety is to have the coat, vest and trousers all made from the same material. Of course this is not absolute, for even with a single-breasted



DOUBLE-BREASTED SACK.

sack coat a pair of trousers of a different pattern may often be worn, while with a double-breasted sack of a black or dark blue material, a pair of trousers of contrasting pattern will offend no rule of fashion. Single-breasted sacks during the coming season will generally be of the three-button variety, except for a man of unusual height, when four buttons will help to disguise the excessive longitudinal development. About thirty-one or thirty-two inches will be the usual length of the coat, the sides will be shaped to outline the figure not too closely, and the back will hang straight from the shoulders, with less fullness at the hips than we have lately been accustomed to see. The coat will button higher up than for summer wear, and the fronts will be cut rather sharply away from beneath the lowest button to the middle of the thigh, whence they will curve gradually to the bottom of the side seams. The old fashioned outside breast pocket will often be dispensed with. The double-breasted sack will be about one inch longer than its single-breasted brother, and promises to be a very popular garment, as its heavier collar and lapels give it a warm appearance, appropriate to cold weather wear.

A SPANISH MANTLE.

While a sack suit may be worn for business or traveling purposes even up to dinner time, correct afternoon dress, as well as formal occasions, such as weddings or funerals in the morning, require a frock coat or a cutaway of black or some dark color. No man who pretends to dress well will be without at least one frock coat. The newest form of this garment shows that the extravagant lengths and exaggerated bell skirts are relegated to oblivion without hope of a third term, and very usual measurements will be 18 1-2 inches from collar to waist, and 21 1-2 inches from waist to skirt bottom. Soft finished fabrics will be most fashionable, and very plain, closely stitched edges will be used for these materials, but some

NEW WINTER CHESTERFIELD.

diagonal worsteds will also be used, and braided edges will in that case be adopted.

The fashionable autumn overcoat par excellence will be the Chesterfield, or fly front oversack, which will appear in a variety of very attractive new materials and colorings, such as browns, olives, and oxford grays and blending of these colors. This coat should be made to define the figure without following its outline too closely, should have a collar of the cloth and be silk faced to the edges. Usual lengths should be 40 to 42 inches. For regular winter weather this same style of coat, but made of much heavier materials, will continue to be the favorite of those who like to combine elegance with comfort. Instead of being faced with silk, however, the fronts will be faced with the cloth and the collar will be of velvet in many cases. The back will be cut straighter, hanging from the shoulders with a half box effect, and the length will average two inches more than for fall wear. The surtout, or frock overcoat, promises

THE NEW SURTOUT.

to be much in evidence and in the new form it has assumed in the hands of some of the most prominent tailors, will certainly be a very stylish outer garment. A handsome shawl roll collar of astrakhan or some other fur will replace the regular collar and lapels, and the fastenings will be three silk frogs, instead of the commonplace buttons and button holes. It will usually be about 46 inches long, with a waist length of about 18 1-2 inches. If a man prefers a double-breasted overcoat instead of a Chesterfield, fashion says he can have it. It will be made semi-loose fitting and will be cut straight in the back, without the exaggerated bell or flare of the Anglomaniacal box coat.

Cannon Shot Part of a Monument.

In a cemetery in Berkshire there is a marble shaft to the memory of a soldier who lost his leg in battle. The inscription describes how the soldier parted with his limb when it came in contact with "the above ball." The said cannon shot crowns the shaft.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sesqui-Sulphuret of Antimony.

S. W. M., Kansas: The antimony to which the editor referred in case of pell evil, in which a cathartic was to be administered, is a native gray ore of antimony, consisting of sulphur and antimony. It is an iron gray ore, frequently occurring in needle-shaped crystals. Sesqui in chemistry denotes that two atoms of a metal were combined with three atoms of non-metallic element. Therefore, in using the sesqui sulphuret of antimony the proportions are two of the antimony to three of the non-metallic element; or, in other words, mix two parts of the antimony with three parts of linseed meal or other non-metallic matter. In Latin, sesqui means one-half more—one and a half. Your druggist should be able to tell, without consulting his dispensatory, that which sesqui sulphuret of antimony is.

Mange Remedy.

E. S. H., Tennessee: It was not the sulphur that took the hair off your horse, but the work of the mange insect. In a case that has affected a horse for six years, it will be a hard matter to overcome. The tobacco treatment may be continued for a week, remembering to get the parts affected in the best condition for the tobacco to have full effect, by first oiling all affected parts with sweet oil, and letting it remain on for about three hours. Then wash off with warm water and soft soap. Dry well and begin the tobacco treatment. This should be washed off once a day and the tobacco applied after drying the parts. The bowels should not be allowed to become constipated. The application after an omission of 15 days should be repeated, to kill the nits. Do not continue giving sulphur, as you now are for only a brief period, and keep the horse out of the wet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harness Galls.

Some time back Mr. Stahl made some good suggestions on preventing harness galls on horses. But he didn't say it all. The theory of the production of galls, blisters, corns, callouses, etc., is that a wearing pressure that would cause little or no inconvenience if spread over a sufficiently large surface is concentrated on a small surface which soon causes irritation, pain and soreness. Collar galls on horses are oftenest caused by a bad adjustment of the point of draft. If the hames are buckled too high, as is likely to produce a gall on the upper part of the shoulder. If too low, the sore will appear about the point of shoulder. Then again, if the hames are buckled too slack, so they will pull wide apart, the horse will work as if trying to crowd through a hole a little too small to get through and makes sores on the outer edge of shoulders. The collar should be brought just as close to the sides of the neck as can be without pinching, which unless the collar is too large can be readily accomplished by proper manipulation of the hame straps. Softness of harness or of boots and shoes is not of much importance as a perfect fit. If a cast-iron collar could be molded to a perfect fit to a horse's neck and shoulders, it would wear as easy as stuffed leather; similar to the cast-iron seats to mowers and other farm machines. I never need any cushions with them. —Cor. Country Gentleman.

Meat From New South Wales.

The London Live Stock Journal publishes the following paragraph: The steamship Gulf of Siam has landed at Deptford 71 bullocks from Sydney and 20 sheep; nine of the bullocks were lost on the voyage. These cattle as seen in the lairs yesterday were of excellent quality, and they have come in first-rate condition. There is no longer any doubt as to the possibility of this trade, and the only question is that of cost. Among this consignment are some heavy-fleshed Herefords and Hereford crosses, and also Decons and Devon crosses, which are good enough for any trade. Of course, the bloom has been taken off them by the long voyage, but the flesh is there, and they must have been grand beasts when they started. Also among them are some good Shorthorn crosses, which are heavier beasts, but all very useful excepting one or two old bullocks. A few had been slaughtered, and the dressed carcasses appeared to be of a very selling nature, thick in the chime and without wasteful fat. There will shortly be a large cargo of about 500 cattle from Australian ports, together with a number of sheep, and this is looked forward to with much interest.

Tuberculosis Not Hereditary.

A newspaper telegram from Des Moines, Iowa, conveys the following information

Talmage's Sermon.

THE SURPASSING SPLENDORS OF HEAVEN.

Consolation for Bereaved and Faint-Hearted.

New York, Aug. 28.—For the bereaved and faint-hearted there could be no words of stronger consolation or encouragement than those of the sermon prepared by Rev. Dr. Talmage for Sunday. His subject was "Surpassing Splendors." With inimitable touch, he has pictured the glories and attractions of the world beyond the skies in a way to bring joy to believing souls, and to fascinate even the thoughtless and indifferent. The text chosen was: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard." 1 Cor. ii.9.

"I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is it not natural, as well as Christianly appropriate, that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which Paul speaks in the text I have chosen?

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed, for splendor, the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea from one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes, and stupendous dissipations.

Column, and statue, and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules, of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthiarii," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, and towers, and temples (one thousand slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citidel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of earthquake ruins. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world, they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening gardens, they had passed their whole lives away among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say that this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Yon citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden on the Isthmian pavement. Corinthians, think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate; that the nations that had been gathered to heaven there will be a room for each soul—a room 15 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step and an exuberance of spirit, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God that you were permitted to live. The nerves were harpstrings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float now on earth are unlike those which floated about Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Heath of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem! That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, hire him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again! That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years, to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. John tries to describe it. He says: "The twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst, and pearl, and emerald, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and sapphire—a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass, and a city like the sun.

St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones; thrones of kings, and prophets, and thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the Apostles, thrones of the Martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory and it is—Thrones! Thrones! Thrones!

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing on, and a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; processing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his scepter of power and of victory, all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high," and some "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and some "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture, and every moment an ecstacy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it!"

I remark further, we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea, and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What then will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated! After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, when you stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is good-bye, good-bye. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-bye. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-bye;" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-bye! All that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-bye! good-bye! But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but, no good-bye. The group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now they goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place! If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my hands, the waves of Jordan roar so fearfully, we cannot hear the joy on the other side where their group is augmented. It is graves here, and coffins and hearses here.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry;" and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came to the verge of the grave, and, looking down at the body of her mother, said: "Is this heaven?" Oh! we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying Negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus;" and the missionary said: "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh! yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow Him," said the dying Negro boy. "But Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said: "Massa, where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in His presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say: "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voices come back over the waters. Some one! Unbelief says: "They are dead and extinct forever," but blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that they are neither dead nor extinct—that they never were so much alive as now—that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion! We cannot grasp it now. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiring than music. In the battle of Waterloo, the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play, with utmost spirit, a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music; but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and Sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the sceptors of eternity beat time to the music. Away, then, with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary, and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven! They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth; the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join in—choirs of white-robed children! choirs of patriarchs! choirs of apostles! Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God, roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it, and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trump will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into th song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

LOSS OF VOICE

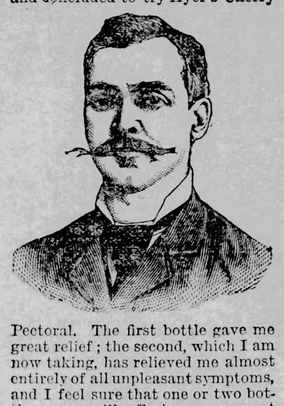
After Acute Bronchitis

CURED BY USING

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

A PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

"Three months ago, I took a violent cold which resulted in an attack of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very difficult to preach, and concluded to try Ayer's Cherry



Pectoral. The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms, and I feel sure that one or two bottles more will effect a permanent cure. To all ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—E. M. BRAWLEY, D. D., Dist. Secretary, Am. Bapt. Publication Society, Petersburg, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

GOLD MEDAL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AYER'S LEADS ALL OTHER SARSAPARILLAS.

ODDITIES OF MARRIAGE.

Widows and Widowers, as a Usual Thing, Mate Again.

It has been remarked that times of speculation are invariably accompanied by increase of marriages. Dr. Farr, the eminent statistician, hazards, therefore, the suggestion that it is the spirit of speculation itself that leads many to embark on matrimony at such times. Another reason, which he is careful not to ignore, is the increased prosperity that induces and sometimes seems to accompany what he calls the periodical epidemic of speculation. A great war, after it is over, is good for marriage. So is a good harvest, so is is the establishment of new industries or the extension of old ones. The reason is the same in all these instances; the increased prosperity of the general body of the people.

So intimately is matrimony associated with national well-doing that it has come to be styled the barometer of prosperity. Its indications, however, are more for future than for the present, dealing rather with the expected and anticipated than with the actual. But this only goes to substantiate what was said of marriage as speculation. The nation is sometimes extraordinarily sanguine, and when this is the case marriages are plentiful. Great popular leaders inspire that feeling. A statesman of genius at the head of affairs perceptibly increases the marriage rate In a word, the great fluctuations in the marriages are the results of peace after war, abundance after dearth, high wages after want of employment, speculation after languid enterprise, confidence after distrust and national triumphs after national disasters.

The marriage returns invariably show a corresponding increase for any augmentation in the duties paid upon malt, wine and spirits. They in the same way keep pace with the consumption of tea, sugar, coffee and tobacco, and with the imports of raw silk, cotton, wool and timber. The more food, however, is dear, however, because of the other; both are but effects of the same cause—increased national prosperity. Marriages after banns are five times as numerous as marriages after licenses. When the price of wheat is high the diminution in the former class is comparatively much greater than in the latter. They are the first to be affected by high prices. Licenses and banns being regarded as the prospective badges of capital and labor—not without important exceptions, however. Autumn is the favorite season everywhere; with a few spring is preferred.

Half the weddings in the country are celebrated on Wednesday and Thursday. Saturday has more than the average number, Sunday is not a favorite, as few marriages are celebrated on that day. Widowers are more inclined to marry than bachelors. Widows are more inclined to marry than spinsters. Both facts are eloquently in favor of the comparative advantages of matrimony. For one bachelor that marries between the ages of 50 and 65 seven widowers remarry between these ages These are marriages out of an equal number of each class; the actual number of bachelors married will be greatest only in proportion as they exceed by seven to one the actual number of widowers living at these ages. Under the same conditions, for every spinster married between 30 and 65 two widows are remarried.—New York Dispatch.

Do You Feel Depressed?

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It invigorates the nerves, stimulates digestion and relieves mental depression. Especially valuable to tired brain-workers.

FIGHTING FLIES.

The Summer Warfare and How to Conquer a Pest.

Housekeepers are always glad of any information which will help them to conquer those enemies of their summer's peace—flies. Here are two items which experience has proved to be of use in the battle.

We all know how flies settle upon a screen door in rainy weather, or those of the kitchen in any weather, waiting for an opportunity to step in as soon as it is opened. If a cloth dipped in kerosene is rubbed over the outer side of the wire and frame of the screen the flies will not setle upon it. They do not like kerosene. One application will usually prove effectual for several days.

The other agent—oil of lavender—is for the purpose of disposing of such of the enemy as have already gained an entrance to the house.

Darken all the windows but one. The flies will soon congregate on that, for flies enjoy sunshine as well as moths detest it. Now with an atomizer spray the window casing with the oil of lavender, and either leave the open bottle upon the sill or saturate a small cloth with some of it. Some of the flies will soon become stupefied and then can be brushed down and disposed of. If an atomizer is not at hand rub the casing with the saturated cloth. It is also a good plan to rub the oil all over any place that the flies like to light upon. A hanging lamp has often a great attraction for them, but if shade and chains are rubbed over with the oil they will not light upon it.

Singular Case of Blindness.

Mrs. Jonathan Rowe of South Atkinson, Me., who has been totally blind for twenty years, experienced an odd partial recovery of her sight a few days ago. She suddenly became able to see quite distinctly one afternoon about 2 o'clock, but her vision was totally obscured again in two hours. Since then she has been able to see every day between 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but during the rest of the twenty-four hours is as blind as formerly.

SIX RICHEST MEN.

THEIR FORTUNES AGGREGATE OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS.

Li Hung Chang Owns About Half of It, However.

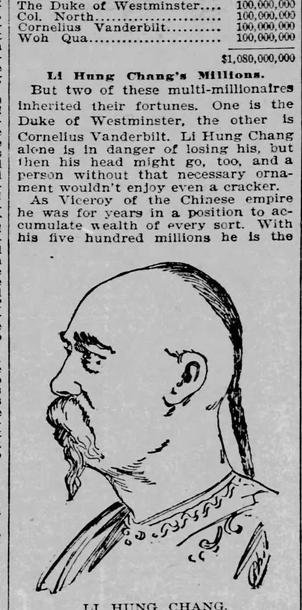
Who are the richest men in the world? It is doubtful whether one person in a hundred could answer this question off-hand. Certainly few would put at the top the name of Li Hung Chang, the great chancellor of the Chinese empire, yet that is where he belongs. After careful search and investigation the New York World has arrived at the following list, which may be accepted as authentic:

Li Hung Chang	$ 500,000,000
John D. Rockefeller	180,000,000
The Duke of Westminster	100,000,000
Col. North	100,000,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt	100,000,000
Woh Qua	100,000,000
	$1,080,000,000

Li Hung Chang's Millions.

But two of these multi-millionaires inherited their fortunes. One is the Duke of Westminster, the other is Cornelius Vanderbilt. Li Hung Chang alone is in danger of losing his, but then his head might go, too, and a person without that necessary ornament wouldn't enjoy even a cracker.

As Viceroy of the Chinese empire he was for years in a position to accumulate wealth of every sort. With his five hundred millions he is the



LI HUNG CHANG.

owner of rich rice fields and innumerable pawnshops, which are most profitable. In the districts where he resides he is looked upon as a veritable god. Hundreds of slaves and servants wait upon him, and except when he is called to court to visit his employer, the emperor, he passes his time studying.

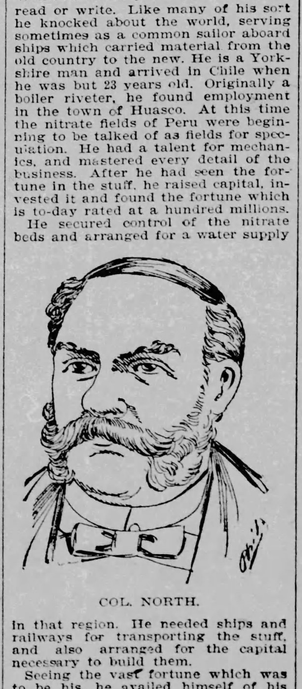
Li Hung Chang is a self-made man and climbed that ladder himself. The wealth he has accumulated is the reward of his industry. Rumor says that a large part of his money is invested in English consols and American railway securities.

Of course, the last war with Japan put him in a queer position. Undoubtedly he will stop where he is if he can. In any event were he to go away he could land on several continents and still find wealth enough there awaiting him. While the money Li Hung Chang possesses has strings on it, so to speak, it is in his own name and is increasing, so reputable authorities say, at the rate of $50,000 a day.

The Nitrate King.

Col. North is an Englishman. He is not a man of great refinement. When he was 14 years old he could not read or write. Like many of his sort he knocked about the world, serving sometimes as a common sailor aboard ships which carried material from the old country to the new. He is a Yorkshire man and arrived in Chile when he was but 23 years old. Originally a boiler riveter, he found employment in the town of Huasco. At this time the nitrate fields of Peru were beginning to be talked of as fields for speculation. He had a talent for mechanics, and mastered every detail of the business. After he had seen the fortune in the stuff, he raised capital, invested it and found the fortune which is to-day rated at a hundred millions.

He secured control of the nitrate beds and arranged for a water supply



COL. NORTH.

in that region. He needed ships and railways for transporting the stuff, and also arranged for the capital necessary to build them.

Seeing the vast fortune which was to be his, he availed himself of his opportunities, and when the war between Chile and Peru broke out found an opening for accumulating more wealth. He got control of the railway, water and gas works and other corporations, which he managed most successfully and made paying properties. After the vast flow of wealth which tumbled into his pockets he returned to England, leaving his business interests in good hands, and then proceeded to enjoy himself.

The Duke of Westminster.

The Duke of Westminster, who has enormous interests in London property is not only the richest of Great Britain's peers but also one of the best liked men in England. His popularity with all classes has been gained not altogether in politics or in the tangled webs of diplomacy, but in the hunting fields. He would as soon race with his tenants as with a lot of princelings. Once he was master of the "Glorious Cheshire Hounds," and once won the blue ribbon of the day. No other living man is a better judge of horses.

Grosvenor is his family name, and his descent is traced to an illustrious house which flourished in the times of

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

the Norman conquests. He is over 70 years old, but is as young apparently, as a spring chicken. His father was a marquis, and he himself was created a duke in 1874. His income is variously estimated at from five to seven hundred thousand pounds a year. If even the smaller figure is accepted, it means that two millions and a half of dollars is his annual income. He owns the land on which many of the principal markets of London are situated. His ancestral seats are many and his hospitality unbounded.

The Standard Oil Magnate.

Years ago, when the oil excitement was the talk of the country, fortunes were made and lost. The days of Coal Oil Johnny may never return again, but in all the history of the world there never was an instance when paupers became millionaires so rapidly as then. John D. Rockefeller made his vast fortune, which is estimated at over $180,000,000, out of oil as easily as

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

the farmer's wife gets pin money from her chickens. His golden eggs were laid by obliging refiners, who had to do as he said or go to smash.

Originally four brothers came from Germany in the middle of the last century and settled in New Jersey. They formed quite a settlement in Plainfield, but toward the close of the last century they began to separate. One branch went to New England, another came to this state, while a third went to Pennsylvania. John D. Rockefeller and his brothers come from the New England branch. The New York Rockefellers are poor. There are lots of Rockefellers in New Jersey, but they have not yet acquired wealth. One great grand-son of one of the four brothers is still living in Plainfield. He is almost a hundred years old. Godfried Rockefeller, who traveled by wagon with his family in Shamokin, Pa., died in 1818 in ignorance of the black oil treasure under his farm.

After knocking about, John D. Rockefeller, whose father was a physician, started a commission business. He was then 22 years old. Oil was the principal article in which he dealt He started a refinery in Cleveland, O., and organized a company which is now the Standard Oil company. From this beginning he has achieved immense power and wealth. He is a strict Baptist, and has given $2,000,000 to the Chicago University. With

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

his family he lives quietly in this city, a most unassuming man.

In spite of Rockefeller's enormous wealth, his charities are large, and his wife and two charming daughters as well give way many thousands each year to persons who they think deserving of more than alms. An instance occurred some weeks ago, where the four children of a former school-mate of Mrs. Rockefeller were sent to one of the best boarding-schools in Ohio. Many struggling churches, and not all of them Baptist, either, have been not only put on their metaphorical feet, but kept standing by Rockefeller money.

The Richest Vanderbilt.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is probably the thriftiest of the sons of William H., and has actually more money than he knows what to do with. His magnificent house facing Central Park is eagerly sought by almost every visitor to New York city. His daughter Gertrude is, after Miss Rockefeller, the greatest heiress in the country. In spite of the newspaper stories about her wonderful beauty, she is really a plain-looking girl, but she has been educated abroad, and has an undefinable charm. This perhaps comes from her common sense as much as anything else.

The Vanderbilt money, as inherited, and the system bearing the name, is supposed to be worth near three hundred millions, of which this favored son owns a third.

The wealth of Cornelius Vanderbilt is estimated by those who know him intimately as eighty millions. While he apparently realizes the responsibility of the control of this vast sum of money, he knows, too, that its possession carries with it the possibility of great good, and his quiet charities and

WOH QUA.

real kindness of heart are known to thousands.

A Tea Crœsus.

Woh Qua, the great Canton tea merchant, has a fortune estimated at a hundred millions. For years the trade in tea has been centered in him. From the smallest settlement in Maine to the largest capital of Europe, tea is everywhere a daily beverage. Whether it comes by caravan across Siberia or by boat around the Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, it is as much a necessity as bread. Years ago Woh Qua, who had worked himself up in the firm with which he was connected, looked ahead fifty years and saw the vast possibilities of the business. Every Canton and district were mapped out in his mind as accurately as ever was the field whereon hostile armies were to meet.

He knew not only the state of the crops, but how they would be transported to the different markets. He was an invaluable man. From a junior partner he assumed control. He was shrewd, and soon found himself in possession and control of the business, which for years was unrivalled anywhere.

Every agent paid him a commission. Every pound of tea grown in the Celestial Empire had sooner or later to come to him or his agents. It was a wonderful scheme. Incidentally he started a banking business in connection with his different agencies.

Woh Qua is a most polished gentleman, who speaks several languages, and who, through his intercourse with the brainiest of the world's traders, has acquired a vast fund of knowledge. He lives in a magnificent villa on the edge of Canton and entertains persons of all nationalities.

A good share of his money, like part of the fortune of Li Hung Chang, is invested abroad. His vessels are numbered by the thousand, and as a matter of fact he commands more ships than the admiral of any principality. His children have had their education finished in Europe, and are more than half civilized—or rather modernized.

There are, of course, other great individual fortunes, such as those of Baron Hirsch, the Astors and the Rothschilds. The two latter, however, are jointly owned by half a dozen members of the family, and while the sum itself is great, it would not make each member as rich as either of the six men mentioned above if it were to be apportioned among them. Anybody can be wealthy who chooses to save his money, but the kind assistance of fickle fortune is often a great aid. With the exception of the Duke of Westminster and possibly Li Hung Chang, the other nabobs are comparatively young men.

How much will they be worth when they die?

ART WORK ON GLASS.

Pyrography Not Necessarily Confined to Wood.

For a long time poker-work, or pyrography, has been a fashionable art, but until recently it has been generally applied to wood only. Now, however, glass pyrography is being taken up and thus quite a new field is being opened in this fascinating branch of decorative work. In the newer form of pyrography the burning process is exactly the same as in the old poker-work on wood, which is now so well-known, only the platinum point is made many degrees hotter for the glass; indeed, it can scarcely be too hot to accomplish the desired result, and therefore it needs to be of special hardness. This being the case, art dealers now sell points made on purpose for glass pyrography.

The glass used is the ordinary plate, and through it the design can readily be traced with the hot point by those who have not the skill to draw offhand, which saves all trouble of transferring the pattern. Another advantage which glass has over wood is that it has no grain, and therefore the lines of the novice are not marked by that unevenness which characterizes the work of a tyro in the art of wood burning.

Glass pyrography may be adapted to the decoration of mirrors, screens, panels, etc., and if care fully done will be found an excellent imitation of engraved work of the finest kind, and the effect, if a good design be chosen, will be most delicate and beautiful. Just what kind of design suits the clear glass looks very well, but the worker will soon be ambitious of better things.

A pretty piece of work shows a loose bunch of ox-eye daisies and field grasses burnt into ordinary plate-glass. The design when first executed had a frosted appearance; but this was removed by carefully scraping off all roughness with a sharp knife, thus leaving the daisies and grasses in clear outline. The work in that state was beautiful, but it was made more so in the following manner: A layer of gold paint was carried entirely over part of the design, all the etched lines being filled with it.

To effect this a pad of rough cloth was used damped with turpentine, to remove all the gold on that surface, and between the lines; an ordinary paper stump with rag over it was used to clean off the rest. This left merely a fine gold tracery on the glass, and on turning the plate it seemed to stand in relief on its surface, though it actually only showed through from the other side. A thick coat of ivy enamel was then laid on, great care being taken not to drag up the gold from the lines; this gave the effect of ivory and gold from the other side and rendered the glass opaque.

Any other lustra or metallic paint may be used instead of gold, and the color of the enamel may be chosen to suit the fancy. In working in remember that the point must be kept at almost white heat, that it must be perfectly clean, and that it must not be used for wood scorching. Should the point be insufficiently heated no amount of force will affect the glass, but it will injure the point itself. The pressure on the point must be firm and steady, but not hard. It is not well to work too long upon one spot, for the heat should be distributed as much as possible. The special point for glass pyrography is furnished with an inner mechanism for generating heat, and, though the work may be done with an ordinary point heated to almost white heat, still the process is tedious and the tool will soon be too much damaged for further use.—Home Notes.

Why Not You?

When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to cure rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer. Hood's cures others, why not you?

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient 25c.

BIKE AND BLOOMERS.

The mayor of a Western city has resolved to use the bicycle when investigating the new streets. He has taken an efficient partner. There are very few defects, indeed, in a street which the wheel cannot immediately find out.—Baltimore American.

"I am a-weary, mother dear,
Enfeebled and o'erworn;
I cannot wield a broom, I fear,
Nor pull and husk the corn.

"'Twould jeopardize my health to make
The beds or can the fruit,
Or help you dust, or sew, or bake,
Ere I my strength recruit."

Thus spake the maiden, gave a cough,
To strengthen her appeal,
Then donned her bloomers and rode off
Ten miles upon her wheel.
—Richmond Dispatch.

Cholley—All the fellows seem to be attentive to that dowdy little girl in pink. Is she rich?

Gussie—Rich! Why, her father is a bicycle manufacturer!—Puck.

Those persons who mean to go to the theater next season may as well resign themselves to the inevitable at once. The "new woman," "bloomers," "knickerbockers," "the wheeling girl," and every other means of allusion or suggestion regarding the development of bicycling women will be harped upon, and sung about, and made the subject of jokes until we are all daft. It is difficult to realize how swiftly the wheeling rage has taken possession of womankind until one reflects that last season the wheeling woman was unknown in burlesque, vaudeville, farce comedy, or minstrelsy. The first minstrel show to be given this season in Buffalo bristled with allusions to the bicycle riding woman and her attire, and there was one song, "Since Hannah Learned to Ride a Wheel," which foreshadows all manner of lyric horrors to be heaped upon us before summer comes again.—Buffalo Courier.

"The bloomer," argued the Mean Thing, in a loud, harsh voice, "shows us how little there really was in the skirt to admire.

A crag beetled.

A vulture wheeled above their heads, but made no effort to scorch.—Detroit Tribune.

The woman in poetry's gone to the wall;
The muse doesn't like the new fad at all;
And, when he is grazing in Helicon's dell,
Pegasus, frightened, skedaddles toward well.
The muse keeps his saddle, preferring the De'il
To the sight of a woman propelling a wheel.

The painter no longer the "beauty line" craves;
The sculptor the "figure" in drapery raves;
The obsolete glory of Raphael, Oh!
For angels and cupids our artists forego.
Oh, Dante and Dore, in clover you'd be
With the up-to-date woman as models.
Ah, me!

Inspiration comes not with a "bicycle face,"
And a bloomered female is impossible grace.
And the poet and artist have lost their ideal—
She's a scorching towards Hades astride of a wheel.
Good-by to our sweethearts, nor care we a peg
For her once modern, sacred, immaculate leg!
—W. S. Reynolds in New York Morning Advertiser.

The Sunday School.

Caleb's Reward.

LESSON X., SEPTEMBER 8, 1895.
Golden Text: He wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.—Josh. xiv.14.

LESSON TEXT.

(Josh. xiv.5-14. Memory verses 7-9.)

Study connection in Joshua 14.

5. As the Lord commanded Moses, so the children of Israel did, and they divided the land.

6. Then the children of Judah came unto Joshua in Gilgal; and Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite said unto him, Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses the man of God concerning me and thee in Kadesh-barnea.

7. Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me from Kadesh-barnea to espy out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart.

8. Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt; but I wholly followed the Lord my God.

9. And Moses sware on that day, saying, surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's forever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord my God.

10. And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said, these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses, while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness; and now, lo, I am this day four score and five years old.

11. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in.

12. Now therefore give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day for thou heardest in that day how the Anakim were there, and that the cities were great and fenced; if so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said.

13. And Joshua blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh Hebron for an inheritance.

14. Hebron therefore became the inheritance of Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite unto this day, because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.

Illustrative Applications.

As the Lord commanded Moses, so the children of Israel did (v. 5). When a man of God dies it by no means follows that his work dies. There is nothing more for him to do in the line of his earthly work, but there may be a great deal more for others to do in the line of his earthly teachings. Whatever of God's truth a man of God declares during his lifetime is just as truly God's truth after the death of that man of God as before. It is, indeed, just as important that we should do the things which the Lord commanded through Moses "to a thousand generations," as it was that the soldiers of Joshua should do them in their day. And a large part of our present duty is simply in the doing what the Lord commanded to our fathers. There are new messages of God to us, beyond all that our fathers knew of; but we shall be worth little in the heeding of God's new messages unless we be full of being true to God's teachings to our fathers.

Caleb said unto him (Joshua), thou knowest the thing that the Lord spake concerning me and concerning thee in Kadesh-barnea (v. 6). If you would have another do right, either in a matter which concerns you or in one which concerns himself, there is a great gain in bringing him to realize that it is the Lord who wants him to do. And in almost everything that is a man's duty there is a consciousness on his part of the fact that God wishes to have it done that can be appealed to with confidence. If you tell a man that you want him to do this or that, the matter seems to be wholly between him and you; but if you can bring him to realize that God wants it done, you thereby lift it above the plane of mere personal interest and moment. This is the case if it be a matter of justice or fairness toward yourself that is in controversy. It is none the less true if it be a matter affecting the man's own spiritual welfare. Remind him that he knows that God wants this of him, and you have brought the strongest pressure possible upon him as a man. If anything can reach his heart, this is likely to do it.

My brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt; but I wholly followed the Lord my God (v. 8). If a man will stand with the Lord, even though he has to stand out against everybody about him, the time will come when he will be glad to remember it. He may be hated, hooted at, stoned, or to be jeered at, for doing as one thinks God would have him do; but he who will stand firm in such a trial will find added satisfaction in its memory when at last God brings others to see that the unpopular one was on the right side. The child who does as his parents wished in spite of the jeers of his playmates; the lad who bravely takes the part of some one whom others are maltreating; the student who obeys the college regulations when all the other fellows go astray; the politician who stands for the right because it is the right, even though he loses votes by it,—will be sure, sooner or later, to be glad that, when others went wrong, he wholly followed the Lord.

The Lord hath kept me alive, as he spake, these forty and five years. I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me (vs. 10, 11). There is no way of retaining one's youth like being in God's service, in cheerful, trustful obedience. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." The path of duty is often a rough one; but it is always the safest path in the universe. Knowing that he is where God wants him to be, a man is sure to remain there unharmed so long as God wants him to remain unharmed. Doubt as to one's course of duty is a sure cause of chafing worry. There is no need that any one of us should wear out his life through doubt on this point.

It may be that the Lord will be with me, and I shall drive them out, as the Lord spake (v. 12). Caleb had no doubt about the past; nor had he any unreasonable doubt about the future. He knew that he had wholly followed the Lord hitherto, and that he had had a blessing accordingly. He hoped that he should still be enabled to be true, and to gain the assured rewards of continued fidelity. And in this Caleb showed the spirit of the noblest and courageous child of God. It is right to recall God's goodness to us in the past, and to rejoice that we were not unready to trust him in our need. It is wise to recognize the fact that we shall require new strength for new conflicts and that the promises of God to us are conditioned on our acceptance of them in faith. There is good reason for

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the live American people.

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 135,000

TO OUR THREE-MONTHS' SUBSCRIBERS.

By the time this issue reaches our readers, the time set for our 10-cent three months' offer will have been expired. After August 31, we positively will NOT accept three months' subscriptions at 10 cents. Of course we will not refuse subscriptions at our regular rate of 30 cents for three months.

What we desire now is a renewal of all of our three months' subscribers, at a special price which we have offered already to those whose time expires in August; and we are now considering the question of extending the offers to those whose time expires in September. If we do this, we trust it will be appreciated to the extent that every three-months' subscriber will renew.

The prices of print paper and of labor are advancing, and next year being the campaign year, it will soon be impossible to offer so good a paper as the Weekly Blade at a price so near nothing as we have been getting for it this summer.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

In this issue of the Weekly Blade we begin the publication of our new serial, entitled:

AN ENEMY'S WORK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

This is a story of American life of the present day, not only deeply interesting, but carrying with it a lesson which will be of benefit to every reader. It was not written for the general literary market, but expressly for The Blade. Mr. Rexford has read The Blade for years, and this story was written to meet the ideals of the tens of thousands of American families which find it their highest and best type of a family newspaper.

Don't fail to read the opening chapters in this issue. You will be both interested and profited.

THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL.

The report of the board of army engineers appointed by the Secretary of War to examine and report upon the effect the Chicago Drainage canal would have upon the waters of Lake Michigan has been received at the War department. It is not yet officially made public, but it is understood that the board concludes the canal will reduce the level of Lakes Michigan and Huron by about six inches.

This is a matter of the highest importance to vessel interests on the Great Lakes. Especially does it interest Lake Erie shipmasters. For the amount of water entering Lake Erie via the Detroit river will be permanently diminished by the volume withdrawn through the Chicago canal, and a permanent lowering of the water in Lake Erie must necessarily result.

The level of Lake Erie is the resultant of the volume of water entering the lake and the volume emptied over Niagara. Diminish the former, and the lake level must fall, as the outgo over Niagara will be the larger until the level is reduced to a point at which the outflow is only equal to the influx.

This condition of things should revive general interest in the old project—broached first over thirty years ago—to diminish the area of the Niagara outlet by proper structures at the mouth of the lake. When this idea was first advanced, it was scouted as Utopian; but the logic of circumstances has compelled men to consider the scheme, and to understand that it is entirely feasible. Some eight or nine years ago, The Blade had an article on the subject, which was brought to the attention of a government engineer, who admitted its possibility, but deemed it unnecessary. Now the necessity is being demonstrated.

Had the millions in the aggregate which have been spent in deepening Lake Erie harbors been expended instead of damming Niagara, every harbor would now have a sufficient depth of water, and the improvement would be permanent.

The damage to the sheep industry in the United States by the Democratic tariff law stands forth luminously in the following exhibit, which gives the official figures of wool production in the United States from 1890 to the present time:

Clip of 1890.....300,000,000 pounds
Clip of 1891.....307,000,000 pounds
Clip of 1892.....320,000,000 pounds
Clip of 1893.....301,000,000 pounds
Clip of 1894.....308,000,000 pounds
Clip of 1895.....264,000,000 pounds

Under protection the domestic clip increased 64,000,000 pounds in three years. Under the threat and realization of Democratic tariff tinkering it has decreased 100,000,000 pounds in two years. What do American sheep owners think of free wool and its effect on their prosperity? And are they foolish enough to support the party which injures them by their votes next year?

Seven states will this year elect governors, namely Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Iowa, Maryland, Kentucky and Mississippi. Prior to 1892 four of these states—Maryland, Kentucky, Mississippi and New Jersey—would have been regarded as surely Democratic. Massachusetts and Iowa as doubtful and with chances favoring the Republicans in Ohio. But see what two years of Democratic rule have accomplished. Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio and Iowa are safely Republican, Kentucky and Maryland are in the doubtful column, with Republican prospects growing brighter every day, and only Mississippi, with half its population disfranchised, is surely Democratic.

The Chicago Times-Herald finds that a majority of the members of both the Democratic and Republican national committees favor a short presidential campaign next year. So do the people, for a presidential campaign always injures business, and there is neither sense nor reason in depressing it more than is necessary, now that a revival is beginning.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

The people of Kansas have had their full share of troubles, political and other, and one of the most persistent of these is the constant efforts of the liquor men in various localities to dodge prohibition. Ever since the constitutional amendment of 1880 prohibiting the sale of liquors for other than medicinal purposes became operative, most of the towns have had secret places where the law was violated. This illicit selling process kept up until the beginning of the Lewelling Populist administration, when the saloons gradually acquired a stronger foothold in all the larger towns and cities. There were but very few places where there was anything like a satisfactory enforcement of the prohibition law.

Soon after the inauguration of Gov. Morrill last January, the liquor sellers gained confidence on account of the governor's declaration that it was almost impossible to enforce the law in communities where public sentiment was strongly opposed to the prohibition article. The consequence of this was that extensive preparations were made for doing a larger liquor selling business. Saloons sprang up in the night and liquor houses doubled their stocks, and no one thought that a day of retribution was coming. But suddenly Governor Morrill issued instructions to the attorney-general to prosecute all saloon keepers through state or city courts and this mandate was carried out.

Immediately after the new rule went into effect the Wichita saloon men declared war on the state government. The city council of that town was induced to repeal all the ordinances regulating the liquor traffic and on the pretext that the rigid prohibition destroyed the ability of the saloon men to pay the fines which had been assessed in lieu of licenses and therefore deprived the city of money for current expenses, the city fathers discharged about half of the fire department and notified the police that there was no money for the pay roll. And this state of things is said to exist in a large number of other Kansas towns.

This insolence on the part of the liquor men has incensed the temperance element of the state, and it looks as though a strong demand will, in consequence, be made on the next legislature when it convenes for additional legislation to effectively curb the impertinence of the saloon element, and that the prohibition legislation of the state will be better enforced in the future than in the past. Judging from all that has been said on the matter, The Blade is of the opinion that the various temperance organizations of Kansas should at once begin a campaign of education in the towns of the state, paying particular attention to those in which the law is known to be violated. We do not mean a crusade among church members or others who are already prohibition in sentiment, but among the people who drink. A "blind tiger" can not exist without customers. Educate the drinking men up to the point where they can see the evil they are doing to themselves, their families, and to the whole community, by indulging in a habit which leads to direct violation of law, and a long step will have been taken in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

BRICE IS A TRAITOR.

A Washington special says that Ohioans employed in the government department, who came to this state to attend the Democratic convention, bring the news on their return that Brice is already making preparations to trade off Campbell for members of the legislature. Campbell's friends are indignant at these evidences of incipient treachery right at the beginning of the long campaign their leader has entered upon against terrible odds. The Brice theory is that the Democratic ticket—state and legislative—cannot hope to pull through as a whole, but that there is a chance for the success of one end or the other. Naturally he is for the Brice end. He is always for Brice, and his enemies charge that he would sacrifice his best friend to gain a political advantage.

In this they certainly are correct. No one ever accused Brice of a chivalrous respect for the welfare, political or financial, of any one when it would possibly interfere with the welfare of Brice himself. And there is possibly good ground for the further charges now being bruited about Washington that Brice literally forced Campbell to take the nomination for the purpose of having good trading material at the head of the state ticket and of killing off a rival Presidential possibility. Everybody in Ohio knows that Brice wants the Presidency, and believes he would be a stronger candidate than Whitney, or Morrison, or Adlai Stevenson, or any other Democrat. To Brice the presence of Campbell's name on the list of eligibles is an impertinence and its elimination entirely justifiable at any price.

It would be quite in line with some previous performances of Brice for him to persuade Campbell to go on the ticket, with the idea that Brice's money will help him to win the Ohio governorship, and thus place him at the head of the Democratic possibilities for the Presidential nomination next year. And it would be just like Jimmy Campbell to entertain such a plan to further his White House ambitions. At any rate, it is quite probable that Jimmy will be traded right and left by the Brice henchmen for legislative votes. However, we believe that both men will taste the bitterness of defeat. Campbell cannot defeat Bushnell, nor can Brice compass the purchase of the election of a Democratic majority in the next Ohio General Assembly.

That is, unless the Republicans aid him by nominating weak men for legislative positions.

A Whitney boom is on. Thirty Democratic editors of the state of New York, all of the cuckoo variety, were interrogated by telegraph as to the feeling in their sections, and gave unanimous endorsement of Mr. Whitney. That gentleman would make a good candidate from the Democratic standpoint. The Standard Oil company's millions would be behind him.

Japan easily conquered China, but she has no sufficient force to grapple with the deadly invasion of cholera, which has already caused 16,000 deaths. Yet a sum far less than that the war cost Japan would put every Japanese city into sanitary condition to defy the plague.

And now a loud demand goes up from the Kentucky Democrats that Wat Hardin, their candidate for governor, shall retire from the ticket. They say it is absurd for a free silver man to run on a sound money platform—and in this they are right.

Had James G. Blaine been at the head of the State department, France would not have paltered so long over the Waller case.

CONCERNING M. R. ATKINSON'S PAPER.

An old-time subscriber of The Blade, in Long Grove, Iowa, sends the following after perusing Mr. Edward Atkinson's paper, recently published in our silver debate:

Editor Blade:—After being a reader of The Blade for so many years, it does seem too bad to be treated in this way. The publication of an article written by one Edward Atkinson is almost to much for us Western people to bear. From beginning to end it is an infamous slander—an outrageous insult to a great portion of the American people. This foul-mouthed defamer of the pioneer people of the West would have us believe that the money loaner is the only person worthy of any consideration whatever.

From this time henceforth the word Shylock will have a different meaning in the English language. The money loaner will be the representative of everything that is noble, virtuous and accommodating, while poor Antonio, the unfortunate borrower, is a knave and a scoundrel. Will not the knife that was to take the pound of flesh nearest the heart have to change hands before all this is believed? This noisy, dogmatic demagogue would have us believe that the principles of the moral law are undergoing an evolution. Follow up his teaching, and we will soon have to believe that Judas Iscariot was the wronged one, while the Savior was the betrayer and took the thirty pieces of silver. The whole paper written by this man Atkinson is full of falsehoods. We will only notice one. He says the money loaner cares more for the character than for the property possessed by the applicant for the loan. This is absolutely untrue. The money loaner scarcely ever sees the borrower (we mean the professional loaner, who handles large sums of money), and cares very little for his moral character. An application is made for a loan. The first thing done is to send a trusty agent to the applicant's place of residence who has the records examined, and then examines the property offered for security. Everything being all right the loan is completed and if poor Antonio promises a pound of flesh, the knife is left in the hands of Shylock. This is the universal rule in all such transactions, Mr. Edward Atkinson to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a great pity that we should be such a set of rogues in these Western states, especially as many of us have been readers of The Blade for nearly a generation, and have been guided in a great measure by its teachings. All the respectability this article possesses has been given it by its publication in your paper.

This slander of millions, this wholesale abuse of the people of a large section of this great country, should never have had a place in the columns of the dear old Blade. This bloated empiric, this infamous falsifier, this slanderer of a whole nation, doubtless associates with the money changers of our great cities—the descendants of those whom Christ drove out of the Temple, and their character was as good then as it is now. The writer of this article if for honest money as much as any one can be, but he holds that those who believe in the remonetization of silver should be treated as honest men.

We particularly request you to publish this letter in The Blade, we have read it more than a quarter of a century, and never asked for space in its columns till now. With respect for the past and hope for the future of The Blade, I am very truly yours,

JAMES NEIL.

We have no apologies to make for printing Mr. Atkinson's paper. His reputation as an authority on economic subjects is of the highest. He has just as good a right to his own views as has any other man. His opinion carries weight with the best educated people, both in America and Europe.

Nor is it going to do any harm for the people of the West to hear exactly what the people of the East think of this silver crusade, and of the arguments by which it is supported. There are two sides to every question, and every man must admit that on this The Blade has given both sides.

We are sorry our correspondent did not point out more of what he considers to be misstatements on Mr. Atkinson's part. He gives but one, and in that misconstrues Mr. Atkinson's meaning. The latter did not refer to what is commonly meant by a man's moral character. What he did mean was that the lender looked more to the borrower's character for keeping his contracts, meeting his obligations—for common honesty, in fact—than to the actual property possessed by the borrower.

Our correspondent, from his letter, evidently has in mind only mortgage security. Mr. Atkinson had in mind the borrowing in the Eastern cities—on collateral—stocks and bonds. The Western method of loaning, referred to by our correspondent, is very small, when the total volume of loans is considered, as compared with the total loans of the country. Mr. Atkinson is certainly right from his standpoint, and our correspondent from his.

The latter part of the above letter echoes a prevalent cry in some parts of the West, which assumes that a lender is necessarily a skinflint. There are thousands of people in the West, we find, who really look upon interest as a wrong. Interest is the hire or rent of money. There is no good reason why a man shall not be paid for the use of his money, the same as he is paid for the use of his time, or the use of his labor, or the rent of his building.

Another point, which we have noted is largely raised in the West, is with regard to Christ's driving the "money-changers" out of the Temple. The tendency is to identify those who loan money with these. Suppose we repeat here what Matthew says of that event—xxi, 12, 13:

And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all that sold and bought in the Temple, and overthrew the tables of the money changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

St. John's account of the same transaction throws additional light on the meaning of our Saviour. See John's gospel, ii, 13-16:

And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting.

And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the Temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money and overturned the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise.

Now, what were the facts? Devout Jews from all the surrounding countries came to Jerusalem at the time of the Passover, to join in the greatest festival of the Jews. Coming from long distances, they found it more convenient to buy the oxen, or sheep, or doves required for sacrifice at Jerusalem, than to bring them. The dealers in these invaded the courts of the temple, in order to find customers. Jesus did not find fault with the buying and selling of animals for sacrifice, but because it was done in the temple of the Almighty. It was the profanation of the place, not the buying and selling, which he condemned.

Now, these Jews, coming from other lands, brought the money of these countries with them. The money-changers were not money-lenders; they simply exchanged money current in Judea for this foreign money. There was nothing wrong about their transactions. As in the former case, Christ objected to any traffic being carried on in the sacred edifice. He did not object to the money-changing, but to its being carried on in the temple.

Yet these free silver agitators do not seem to read the passages from the gospels. They assume that nobody but money changers were driven out of the temple, and they assign a wrong reason for that.

Why not look on the question on all sides, that a settlement may be arrived at which will be the best for everybody, whether living in the East or in the West?

OUR SILVER DISCUSSION.

THE THIRD PAPER APPEARS IN TO-DAY'S ISSUE.

Mr. Hepburn's Discussion of the Effect of Free Coinage.

In to-day's issue of The Blade we give the third paper of our silver discussion. It is entitled

"THE EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE AT 16 TO 1."

It is from the pen of the Hon. A. B. HEPBURN, formerly comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, and now President of the Third National Bank of New York city. Mr. Hepburn is an authority on financial matters, and he discusses the question from the business man's standpoint. His paper is a complete refutation of Mr. White's position in his paper printed last week.

Next week we will give a powerful paper entitled

"FREE COINAGE A PRETEXT—BIMETALLISM A MYTH."

By Hon. JOHN DEWITT WARNER, formerly a Representative in Congress, and well known in the political field as a debater of the first class.

The other papers now in our hands for publication are the following:

"THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THE DECLINE IN THE VALUE AND USE OF SILVER."

This is written by Hon. DAVID A. WELLS, one of the leading economists and thinkers of the world. He has been for years an authority on all economic subjects on both sides of the Atlantic.

"FIAT MONEY."

The author of this is Mr. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well-known political economist. He is a trenchant writer, and his clear and luminous style makes his argument very plain.

"OUR BANK NOTE CIRCULATION."

The author of this paper is Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

THE CUCKOOS WERE CAGED.

The most important and most hotly contested fight in the Springfield convention and the one most commented on by the press outside of Ohio, not excepting the financial plank, was the effort made by the friends of the administration to strangle the resolution endorsing the Monroe doctrine. This resolution brought out the hottest fight of the convention, and was passed after being thrice defeated, and only after the most persistent effort and recourse to all kinds of parliamentary tactics.

The resolution was written by Gen. E. B. Finley, of Bucyrus, and was presented to the committee on resolutions, where it was smothered by the cuckoos. The resolution declared that the action of England in levying tribute from Nicaragua without protest from this government, a national disgrace, and intimated that the policy of President Cleveland had met with universal condemnation.

After the platform had been adopted by the convention, Gen. Finley secured the floor, read his resolution and moved its adoption as an independent resolution. Then began a great parliamentary battle. The administration cuckoos resorted to every tactic possible to smother the resolution. They succeeded in having it referred to the regular committee on resolutions where they knew it would never be heard of. Gen. Finley, aided by Senator McMaken, of Butler, and Doc Norton, of Tiffin, began the work of getting it out of the hands of the committee. They tried without avail to compel immediate action, but did not succeed. John F. Follett and M. E. Ingalls led the fight against the resolution, declaring it had been considered in committee and thrown out because its adoption would reflect discredit on Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic administration. As chairman of the convention, Mr. Brice did all in his power to assist the administration forces. But Finley, McMaken and Norton are fighters. Mr. McMaken bluntly told the convention that if it failed to pass the resolution he would not give five cents for Democratic prospects in Ohio this year. Finally a motion prevailed taking the resolution out of the hands of the committee, James E. Campbell made an earnest appeal for its passage, and it went through.

The whole thing was this: The convention was compelled to either "spit on the Monroe doctrine," as Mr. Campbell expressed it, or condemn the un-American policy of the administration. The final action showed that while Mr. Brice could control the convention, Mr. Cleveland could not, and Ohio Democrats are now on record as condemning the policy of their own administration.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

The New York Herald solemnly propounds the query, "Can We Keep the America's Cup?" and then proceeds to answer it in the negative. The reasoning by which it reaches this unpleasant conclusion is that the Britannia has outsailed the Vigilant many times; the new Valkyrie has defeated the Britannia with ease; but as the Defender has been able only barely to defeat the Vigilant, the Defender must be only equal to the Britannia, and therefore inferior to the new Valkyrie.

But since the Vigilant defended the cup, there have been alterations made in her which are alleged to have increased her speed considerably. If this increase has been enough that the Vigilant could now outsail the Britannia by as much as Valkyrie III. has beaten the latter, then the Vigilant is equal to the Valkyrie; and as the Defender has outsailed the Vigilant, then she can beat the Valkyrie. This may appear to give but a narow margin, but no American is going to give up the race until it has been sailed, Mr. Herald.

Tom Reed made a common sense remark when he said the next Congress will do nothing to relieve the present strain on the national treasury, except it be to pass a tariff bill that will furnish enough money to conduct the affairs of the government. And then let the husky Grover veto it if he dare!

About one-half of the money illegally collected on account of the income tax has been returned by the government up to date. As the whole amount collected was only about $77,000, it is evident the treasury officials are taking their time about it.

Those anti-Quay editors who who had written the Senator's obituary need not keep the matter standing on the galley. It is dead, but Mr. Quay is not.

THE SILVER ISSUE.

The real point of importance to the nation in the fierce struggle for supremacy in the Ohio Democratic convention was what attitude would be taken on the silver issue. It was recognized that this was the battle-ground whereon was to be decided whether the free silver issue was to become an issue in the East in the Democratic party. Ohio is the gateway between the East and the West, and should the free silver men capture the Democratic party in this state, their crusade would have a new lease of life, and the way would be open to push it eastward.

The fight was decisive. The reaffirmation of the financial plank of the last national Democratic platform was demanded by Brice, who declared it means the maintenance of the gold standard. It is a matter of surprise that any one should interpret it otherwise. It is true that it is verbose and obscure, but this was merely a concession to the Democratic workers in localities where free silver was rampant in the party, so that they might demagogically twist it into a guarded indorsement. But no man of intelligence could ever have been so deceived. Here is the plank in question from the Democratic platform of 1892:

We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage, BUT the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted by international agreement or by safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the market and in the payment of debt, and we demand that all paper currency shall be kept at par with and redeemable in such coin. We insist upon this policy as especially necessary for the protection of farmers and laboring classes, the first and most defenseless victims of unstable money and a fluctuating currency.

Had the resolution ended with the word "mintage," it would have been a declaration in favor of free coinage of silver—not necessarily at the ratio of 16 to 1, but at any ratio that might have been deemed the proper one to maintain the parity of the two metals as standard money. The portion, however, beginning with the word "but," makes it a straight deliverance in favor of the maintenance of the gold standard. For it declares for the maintenance of the silver and the gold dollar at a parity, and for the equal power of every dollar at all times—which can mean nothing but the maintenance of the present standard, which is gold.

This interpretation was put upon it by every sound money Democrat; and Cleveland would not have received an electoral vote east of Ohio had this not been so.

The Republican party, in its national convention next year, will reject free silver at 16 to 1. This is as certain as anything in the future can be. Let no free silver man deceive himself in this matter. And it is now equally certain that the national Democracy will not. The action of the Ohio Democratic convention settles this. Hence the free silver question will not be an issue between the two great parties next year. The crusade has failed, as did the greenback movement twenty years ago.

LOOK IT UP!

Owing to commencing the publication of our new serial, the Question Bureau is placed on the seventh page this week. There are a number of important financial queries answered, which all will find of interest.

FINANCE AND BUSINESS.

While the midsummer dullness still dominates trade circles, the indications for fall activity are extremely promising. August is always dull, but the condition this year is accentuated by the unusual activity which prevailed in July. The crop outlook is encouraging and with increasing consumption and the untounded confidence business men have in the fall trade, there is every encouragement for good times.

In the financial world, the most encouraging sign is the decline in the rates of sterling exchange. Bills for September are freely offered, and the small and uncertain margin of profit to be found in shipping gold will all disappear before August is over. Gold went out last week to the amount of $4,478,700—of which, however, $968,000 was French gold in transit. But these shipments were discounted in any effect on the financial situation by the bond syndicate promptly protecting the treasury gold reserve from falling below the hundred-million mark.

Money is abundant in the East, and call loans were at 1 per cent all last week. Time money was offered liberally, and collateral of good mixed character, fairly distributed, appeared to fill all requirements. As is natural at this season, the demand is gradually improving, but the figures are still out of all proportion to those of the supply. Rates 1 1-2 per cent for 30 days, 2 for 60 days, 2 1-2 for 90 days to four months, 2 3-4@3 for five to seven months.

The reduction in sterling exchange rates is regarded on Wall street as marking the practical culmination of the gold-export movement for the season, and the culmination of what has been an important factor in the movement of values in the stock market. The growing confidence of bankers that little if any more gold will be exported, together with the improvement in general business, and the enormous corn crop was reflected during the week in an improved feeling regarding railroad securities, and a moderate advance in prices for the standard stocks, but particularly those in the granger group, which are now selling at the best figures of the year. Speculation, however, continues very limited and the volume of business just now is far below what ordinarily constitutes an average day's transactions. Many of the large operators are still out of town, and speculation is confined to the professional element.

In New York last week there was not much change in the quotations of silver bullion, but large amounts were available for export by each steamer. Shipments from the West were heavy, smelters appearing to fear a decline in the London bids. London showed no recovery of tone. Stocks of silver in Shanghai are larger than usual, and there was no special demand in London other than for Eastern shipment. The closing prices on Saturday were 66 7-8@67 1-8 cents per ounce for commercial bars, and 67@68 cents for assay bars.

The hefty part of the administration—excepting the President—appears to find the fishing very good away down in Maine. The chief justice of the United States, the secretary of War, the secretary of the Navy, the lieutenant-general of the army, and numerous other distinguished citizens are idling away the summer there. Why not remove the capital to Bar Harbor, and be done with it?

NASBY ON SILVER.

The following letter was printed in The Blade in September, 1878, and, like the three previously given, was prompted by the impractical theories propounded at that time by many agitators:

An Experiment in Money Without Intrinsic Value.

Confedrit X Roads,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky),
Sept. 15, 1878.

Es Nashnels we hev things eggsackly to soot us at the Corners, and throughout this seckshun. We hev succeeded in institootin strikes in all the manufacturin villages in th seckshun, and hev all the workinmen out uv work and in consekent distress. At Factryville ther ain't any more factry at all, for we burned it in the holy croosade uv labor agin capital. In Plainville we hev all the mechanics and laborers on a strike, wich hed the deliteful and cheerin effeck uv throwin every workinman out uv work, haleeloogy! They hev nothin to do now but to walk about the streets day times, and lissen to our speeches nites. And we are makin it lively for the bloatid employers, yoo bet. When men are distrest they want a remedy, and they'll take most any kind uv medicine.

To support em, we hev institootid a provishnal bank, wich will do till the fiat money is ishood. It's the same thing as "fiat" money. I am president uv it and Issaker Gavitt is casheer. Our money is simply a slip uv paper onto wich is printid the sole-inspirin words:

"This is a dollar.

"Attest:
"PETROLEUM V. NASBY, President.
"ISSAKER GAVITT, Cashier."

The only secoority that we felt wuz necessary wuz to pledge the sacred faith uv the Corners that is wuz a dollar.

"Wat is it to be redeemed in?" queried a shoemaker to whom I offered it for a pare uv boots, the first I hev hed for years.

"In nothin. It don't want to be redeemed. To redeem it wood be to destroy its life-giving principle. Any body kin ishoo money with gold behind it to redeem it—yoor troo finaneeer is he wich kin make money wich don't want redeemin. All yoo hev to do with this money is to keep it movin. Yoo hump this bill onto yoor leather merchant, and he'll hump it along on somebody else, and ez long ez yoo think it's a dollar, why isn't it?"

He took it, tho it seemed to me he wuzn't convinst.

We ain't bothered with it at all, ez it ain't never to be redeemed, except that when one bill wears out, the holder kin come and git another in its stead. We mite retire a worn-out bill, but ez that wood contract the currency we don't think it the best thing to do. We want a volume uv currency afloat ekal to the demands uv trade.

There wuz some trouble, for a great many farmers didn't want to take it, and Bascom th kicked somewhat. But we had a remedy for this. The labrin populashen held a meetin and in the sacred coz uv labor agin capitle notified the people that any one wich refoozed to take the money at par wood be to-wunst hung. Under this stimulus Bascom took it, but he immejitly advanced the price uv likker to fifteen cents, and a few hours after to twenty-five.

We remonstrated with him about it, and he answered us:

"Ef there's going to be a era uv prosperity I am going to share in it. Yoo kin hev all the likker yoo want at five cents old money, but ef I am compelled to take yoor fiat money for likker, yoo can't dictate to me the price I shel ask, for that rests with me ez a free citizen uv these Yoonitid States."

I am a just man. I acknowledged the strength uv his poseshun. All I did wuz to walk over to the printin offis and order another hundred thousand dollars struck off, and put into cirkelashen to-wunst. Wat we want is money enuff.

The effeck on the Corners wuz instantaneous. We never hed sich a era uv prosperity. Ez every man hed all the money he wantid, work wuz generally suspended, and the people give theirselves up wholly to enjoyment. Bascom did a tremendous business, the storekeepers (all except that cuss Pollock and Joe Bigler, who not only refoozed to take the money, but refoozed to be hung,) did a smashin business. Men wich never hed a dollar in ther lives hed ther pockits full, and ther is nothin but the most cheerful prospeck ahed uv us. When money kin be hed by printing it, wat is to prevent everybody hevin all they need? othin. I shel print a lot more to-morrow.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Reformer and Finanseer.

P. S.—There is one little speck uv trouble about our fiat money. Ther ain't no farmer puttin in any wheat, for they say they don't keer about sweatin for this kind uv money. The bloatid employers at Factryville, and Plainville, hev consentid to advance the wages uv ther employees ez they will take our money to pay, but the mechanics swear they must be paid in Nashnel bank-notes, or they work. And the most uv em decided they won't work at all so long ez they kin git enuff uv that money to live on. It's all very well now, but ther ought to be some work goin on. We must hev legislashen compellin uv em.

THE SEALS ARE GONE.

The State Department at Washington has been informal by our consul at Victoria, British Columbia, that the Canadian sealing vessels for that port have returned empty-handed from Bering Sea. They found practically no seals. The animals have been exterminated (as was the buffalo) by the unrestrained killing. This result was long ago predicted in these columns, in support of our contention that the most stringent protection to seal life was needed to prevent its entire destruction in Alaskan waters.

This lamentable outcome is the logical consequence of the work of the tribunal of arbitration in Paris in 1893. Its decision prohibited pelagic sealing by American citizens or British subjects within a zone 60 miles of the Pribylov Islands; beyond this zone, and in any part of the Pacific Ocean or Bering Sea, north of the thirty-fifth parallel, and east of Russian water boundaries, American citizens and British subjects were not to be permitted to kill or take seals in the months of May, June and July of every year.

This decision did not prevent the poachers from setting out in vessels under the flags of any power other than the United States or Great Britain and destroying seals. Thus the decision practically left the matter as it had been before the arbitrators met. The seals were not protected in the breeding season.

A special report prepared by Bradstreet's shows that the gross earnings of 140 railroads for the first six months of 1895 were $349,099,773, a gain of 2.6 per cent over the gross earnings for the first six months of 1894. The promise of large crops and a heavy export trade is an earnest of increased earnings for the last half of the year.

What are Campbell's financial views? Four years ago he was a candidate on a free silver platform, and now he stands on a platform defined by Senator Brice as meaning gold and gold only. Allen W. Thurman was right when he said that Mr. Campbell is the greatest straddler on the money question now living.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Henrik Ibsen, the famous author, has no Norwegian blood in his veins.

David Connor, a New York fireman, has just celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his admision to the department.

Dean Allen, aged 94, of St. David's cathedral, England, is in vigorous health, superintendents all the business of the cathedral and conducts the daily service.

Colonel John R. Johnson, the artist who has just died in Philadelphia, painted the portraits of many noted men, among whom were Presidents Jackson and Pierce.

If the story that Lord Dufferin will retire from the diplomatic service of Great Britain within a year be true the world will lose one of its most prominent statesmen.

H. F. Hatch is president of an Arkansas City bank and has a wad of other property. Still he wanted to be superintendent of the state reformatory at a salary of $1,200.

Professor Rudolph Von Roth, the famous Sanskrit scholar, died recently in Germany. He had been for fifty years a professor at Tubingen and with Bothlingk published a Sanskrit dictionary.

The late Edward A. Hunter, of Philadelphia, left about $500,000 to be used after the death of his wife and daughter, for the free treatment of surgical cases in the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

Charles F. Crisp, ex-speaker of the house of representatives, is a sight seeing in London. He recently visited Sheffield, the place where he was born, January, 29, 1845, while his parents were on a visit to that city.

Rev. Dr. Elyden, whose present service for the little republic of Liberia is as minister to England, is informing English audiences that the civilizing of Africa depends on colonization by American negroes.

W. S. Stratton, a millionaire of Colorado, has struck what is reported to be the richest lead ever discovered. It is said that the ore will run $140,000 to the ton, with several million dollars worth of ore in sight.

Henry Esterbrook, near Lucerne, over 80 years old, having occasion to visit a son at Logansport and missing the train, walked the entire distance, seventeen miles, in a few hours, suffering no physical discomfort.

Rev. Dr. E. R. Donehoo, of Pittsburg, has striven for years to Christianize Chinamen, but he now declares that he has never yet seen a Christian Chinaman. Some affect Christianity, he says, but at heart they are rogues.

In addition to his missionary work, Bishop Potter has found time to assume the editorial duties of a little monthly pamphlet published in the interest of the mission. Heretofore the publication has borne the title of the Church Mission Record, but the bishop has chosen a new title to be used hereafter, the Pro-cathedral Record, under which the paper will appear.

David P. Reighart, a Philadelphia millionaire, has been sued by the gas company of that city for a bill of $15. Mr. Reighart says he has been swindled by a defective meter and refuses to pay for what he declares he has not received.

Mrs. Anne Burkhead, who died in Cottonwood Falls, Kan., last week at the advanced age of 94 years, left as her descendants five children, forty-six grandchildren, eighty-seven great grandchildren and twelve great great grandchildren.

Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), the author of "Alice in Wonderland," has spent the greater part of his life in college. He was a student—i. e., a fellow of Christ church, in 1854, and from 1855 to 1881 he was a mathematical tutor.

W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., has brought from Paris one of the labor-saving cycles which have recently been introduced in that city. It is made on the principle of the horseless carriages which are now so popular in France, and is propelled by a benzine motor.

Under the lead of Dr. C. E. Stroup of Sandusky, O., physicians over the country are being urged to assist in a movement to erect on the campus at the University of Michigan a bronze statue of the late Dr. Corydon L. Ford, America's greatest anatomist.

The French President recently received from the widow of Colonel Petitpied, an artillery officer, the flag of her husband's regiment, which he saved from the enemy in 1870. When Strasburg capitulated the colonel burned the flagstaff and buried the flag itself in his cellar.

The artist, Paul Alfred De Curzon, who died in Paris the other day, was an indefatigable worker. Among his numerous paintings were "View of Ostia," "A Fisherman's Family of the Capri Island," "A Dream in the Ruins of Pompeii," and "The Bois De Boulogne."

Turchan Pasha, the new foreign minister of Turkey, has had a remarkably successful political career. He is in high favor with the sultan and the grand vizier. He was educated in France, and his wife is one of Turkey's "new women." At her husband's official receptions she stands by his side unveiled, dressed in the latest European style and wearing eyeglasses.

PURELY PERSONAL.

The English call our ambassador at the court of St. James the Chevalier Bayard.

Dr. Buggraene, professor of medicine in the University of Ghent, is 99, but feels pretty well. He drinks and smokes.

It was Bishop Grafton who made a deacon of Cornelius Hill, sachem of the Oneidas and head chief of the Six Nations.

Richard Le Gallienne, the youngest of the London poets, intends to visit the United States during the coming winter.

Captain Middleton, chief organizer of the English conservative party, contributed twelve tons of literature to English voters.

Colonel John A. Cockerill, the journalist, is now traveling in Japan on a bicycle, which he finds a great help to him in his wanderings.

In Bulgaria the late M. Stambuloff ranked among the first orators, and could talk excellently in French, Russian, Turkish and Roumanian.

Colonel Breckinridge announces that he has permanently retired from politics and will never under any circumstances hold office again.

Chief Inspector Watts of the Boston police force is said to have the finest collections of clippings relating to crime and criminals that can be found anywhere.

Second Assistant Postmaster General Neilson, who sailed for Europe Wednesday on the American line steamer St. Louis, will be at his desk again in three weeks.

William A. Brockway, the noted counterfeiter, now under arrest in New York, took a course at Yale for the express purpose of fitting himself for a career of crime.

William Stuart Symington, jr., of Baltimore, who has been elected professor of the Romance languages at Amherst, spent five summers in Paris studying French literature and philology.

Senator Don Cameron, whose name is just now most often mentioned in Pennsylvania as D—— Cameron, is slow to make friends, but to those who have acquired his friendship he sticks closely.

It is said that James Clark, formerly one of the most noted members of the Quantrell and the Jesse James gang, who was killed the other day in Colorado, was an exceptionally gentle person in manners.

Sir James Stephen, father of the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, once smoked a cigar, and because it was so delicious never smoked another. This fact is stated in Leslie Stephen's most interesting life of his brother.

John Thomas, of Philadelphia, claims to be 13 years of age. He is hale and hearty, probably because of the fact that like most other centenarians we read about, he has been a user of tobacco ever since he was a small boy.

Joseph B. Stearns, of Camden, Me., who died recently at the age of 65 years, was the inventor of the famous duplex system of telegraphy. He had the largest collection of carved violins in the world and was also a bibliomaniac.

Karl Wesselske, an actor, became suddenly and violently insane a few days ago while impersonating a sane man confined in a lunatic asylum, on the boards of the National theater, at Berlin, Germany. His case is considered hopeless.

Charles B. Rouss of New York desires to put up a building for confederate veterans at the Atlanta exposition. He proposes to make it a meeting place where lectures and speches may be delivered by veterans, and where confeder

THE BLADE'S SILVER DISCUSSION

THIRD PAPER—PREPARED BY HON. A. B. HEPBURN.

On the Effect of Free Coinage at the 16 to 1 Ratio.

Below we present the third paper of our great silver discussion. It is written by Hon. A. B. Hepburn, formerly Comptroller of the Treasury, and now President of the Third National Bank of New York city. Mr. Hepburn's brief but strong paper is in itself a complete reply to Mr. White's coinage paper, given last week.

THE EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE.

BY HON. A. B. HEPBURN.

Bimetallism, as defined by bimetallists, mean the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver into full legal tender money. In order that bimetallism may be maintained, the coinage ratio must approximate the commercial ratio, else the more valuable of the two metals will not present itself to the mint for coinage.

The commercial ratio, or the relative value of the bullion in the gold and the silver dollar, is about thirty-two to one. In view of this fact, what does the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one mean?

Our gold dollar contains 23.22 grains of pure gold. Our silver dollar contains 371.25 grains of pure silver, nearly sixteen times as much (the exact ratio is 15.998), one ounce of gold possessing the same coinage value as sixteen ounces of silver. Now, the free coinage of our standard silver dollar, containing 371.25 grains, means a dollar commercially worth fifty cents, but by a fiat of government made to pass for one hundred cents in the satisfaction of a debt or obligation. It means that the seigniorage—that is the difference betwen the cost of the bullion in the open market and the face value of the money into which it is coined—will hereafter inure to the benefit of the individual, not to the government. It means that a man may take one thousand dollars' worth of silver to the mint, and, coinage free, receive therefor dollars with which to pay two thousand dollars' worth of debt; and would thus mean the repudiation of fifty per cent of all existing indebtedness.

The sagacious instinct of trade would correct tais as to future transactions. The result of all this would be the doubling of the price of commodities; it would mean the inflation of prices without the increase of values. It means silver monometallism. It means that the six hundred million dollars of gold now in the Treasury and in circulation would go to a premium; would cease to perform its function as money. It means a violent contraction of our currency, as gold constitutes one-third of the entire money of the country. One can easily imagine what the probable effect would be upon the business of the country. Just what the effect would be upon every man's business if one-half of his bills receivable, and one-half of his bills payable were repudiated, is matter for speculation; and I trust the good sense and the commercial honor of this country will forever leave it in the realm of speculation.

Now, why should this be done? At whose instance and for what purpose should the business interests of this great nation of ours be compelled to suffer in this respect? During the revision of the tariff law, the commerce of the country was grievously injured by the uncertainty and delay necessarily incident thereto; and now it is proposed to change the basis of our currency from gold to silver, and, money being the basis of all business transactions, think what a serious disaster this would bring upon us!

These silver men say that silver was demonetized in 1873. With five hundred and seventy-five million of dollars in circulation, silver is hardly demonetized. It is true the mints were closed to its coinage, but it surely is tags, and its feelings had been injured, its rights had been infringed, and it must be vindicated. They claim to believe that free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 would so enhance its value that it would be on a parity with gold; that to it would rise from sixty-six cents an ounce to one dollar and twenty-nine cents an ounce. If the price is increased in the United States, it must also increase in Europe, in the world, in fact. Now, do these men really believe that the four billion dollars of silver estimated to exist in the world can be doubled in value by the mere act of an American Congress? Where is the extra value to come from? They tell us property has depreciated or that gold has appreciated; that wheat has gone off 50 per cent in value, and that other things have gone off 50 per cent, and that 50 per cent of a man's indebtedness ought to be wiped out in order to square matters. At least, payment should be made in silver, which has suffered a like depreciation. They talk about 1873, when they claim that silver was demonetized, and 1879, the date of the resumption of specie payments. Well, 1873 was twenty-two years ago, and probably there is very little of the indebtedness then existing in existence now; and if there is, a creditor would doubtless be very glad to have such indebtedness paid fifty cents on the dollar without the inspiration of an act of Congress to compel him to do so. It is not the indebtedness of twenty-two years ago we have to deal with; it is the indebtedness created in the immediate past.

The statute of limitation fixes six years as the period at the expiration of which a debt becomes outlawed. The average period of a bank credits is three or four months. The average period of commercial credits is a little longer, and the average period of all indebtedness would fall very far short of six years. It is this indebtedness that is sought to be paid upon a basis different from the one upon which it was created.

Closing the mints to the free coinage of silver in the old world and in the United States undoubtedly affected its value, but the great decline in price is owing to the cheapening process attendant upon improved machinery, improved methods of production, improved facilities for transportation and communication. By means of cable and credit the transmission of money from one part of the world to another is almost instantaneous. Silver has ceased to serve the convenience of men. It does not meet the wants of the public, of business men, or of bankers.

It would be as convenient and as unwise to coin gold dimes as it would to coin silver double eagles. If our banks were required to keep their reserve in silver, it would compel the enlargement of their present safes and vaults or the acquisition of new ones.

The change in the price and use of silver is in obedience to a natural law. No act of legislation could have preserved its value, and no act of legislation can restore it. Perhaps the silver mine owners are not open to severe criticism for seeking a market for their product, but surely their interests should not be fostered to the great injury of the nation. The claim for the free coinage of silver put forth in behalf of the debtor class is essentially dishonest. It seeks to scale down or repudiate indebtedness by act of Congress as a matter of public or fiscal policy. It is exactly on a par with that sense of honor or dishonor which is so prominent in the management of the municipal affairs of our great cities. Witness the developments in the city of New York during the past year or two, as well as in many other cities in the Union. It is evident that man has two standards of morality. A man who in his dealings with his fellow man would scorn deceit and fraud, when he comes to deal with the body politic as a whole applies an entirely different criterion, and will do things radically dishonest which as between individuals he would not do. What we want is a higher standard of morals in the administration of municipal and governmental affairs.

Every nation of Europe, and the more advanced nations of the other continents, have the gold standard. Shall we do business upon the same basis as Germany, France and England, or shall we go over to the silver basis with China, Japan and Mexico? Is there anything in the social, the economic or the material conditions of these latter countries to justify the change? Could the capitalist or the laborer hope for any improved conditions?

Ninety per cent of all the exports of the United States are to gold-basis countries, and eighty per cent of all the imports are from gold-basis countries. Does not every consideration of policy as well as honor impel us to maintain the gold standard?

A. B. Hepburn

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS IT ADVANCES,

And a Discussion of the Propositions It Lays Down.

The most important portion of "Coin's Financial School" is that portion which endeavors to show that, as there has been a large fall in prices of commodities within the past quarter of a century, this fall in prices is connected with the disuse of silver as a money metal—that the latter is the cause, and the fall in prices the effect; and, as a corollary of this, is an endeavor to show that prices depend on the volume of primary money.

Now, this is deemed one of the strongest arguments for the free coinage of silver by its advocates; yet it is utterly fallacious and untrue.

The fall in prices is not coincident with the fall in the bullion price of silver; nor is there any fall in price of any staple not capable of being fully accounted for entirely outside of the silver market.

The rate of wages has risen, not fallen, since 1873. If the fall in the price of silver were the cause of the fall in the prices of all other things it would have reduced the price of labor as well. Yet wages have risen since 1873.

Lastly, there is no relation between the volume of primary money and the prices of staples.

We will examine these points in detail.

The Course of Prices.

The free silver argument is, that silver has really the same purchasing power to-day it had in 1873; that, although silver has fallen relatively to gold, goods in general have also fallen relatively to gold, and consequently silver is still exchanging for the same goods as in 1873. The inference from this is that it is gold which has gone up, leaving silver and goods alike down below. And if silver and goods have fallen correspondingly, it would show that there might be a common cause, like the appreciation of gold due to its scarcity. Or put in another way, if a farmer must pay a debt of $1,000 due in gold, he must produce more corn and oats and pork to-day than in 1873 to pay off that debt, because these products have so fallen in price relatively to gold. And it is thought the farmer must produce more corn and pork to buy the articles he consumes. In fact, "Coin" says (p. 82): "The exchange value of uncoined silver with the other products is substantially the same now as it ever was." In support of this "Coin" cites only wheat, nails and calico. And (on p. 31) he quotes Mr. Sauerbeck's table of English prices of 45 articles and compares them with the price of silver.

The United States government has issued the most exhaustive study on prices ever made in the world. It is contained in seven volumes of the so-called Aldrich Senate Report (No. 1,394, second session, 52d cong.), prepared by Roland P. Falkner, statistician. Moreover, the prices given are at American quotations in our own markets. We do not go to English tables, as "Coin" has done. What is still more important for determining the purchasing power of silver, the Senate report gives 232 articles in the list, instead of only the forty-five of Mr. Sauerbeck. So that we can get the relative purchasing power of silver over not merely forty-five articles, but over 232 articles. Representing the sum of money which could buy 232 articles in 1860 by the index number 100, we can see by any variations from that in other years whether it took more or less money to buy the 232 articles. Here we have the whole story. To-day goods are about 8 per cent cheaper than in 1860, as compared with gold, and silver is 50 per cent cheaper than in 1860, as compared with gold:

	Prices 232 American articles.	Ratio of silver to gold.
1860	100.0	15.29 to 1
1861	100.6	15.50 to 1
1862	117.8	15.35 to 1
1863	148.6	15.37 to 1
1864	190.5	15.37 to 1
1865	216.8	15.44 to 1
1866	191.0	15.43 to 1
1867	172.2	15.37 to 1
1868	160.5	15.59 to 1
1869	153.5	15.60 to 1
1870	142.3	15.67 to 1
1871	136.0	1557 to 1
1872	138.8	15.63 to 1
1873	137.5	15.92 to 1
1874	133.0	16.17 to 1
1875	127.6	16.58 to 1
1876	118.2	17.87 to 1
1877	110.9	17.22 to 1
1878	101.3	17.94 to 1
1879	96.6	18.39 to 1
1880	106.9	18.04 to 1
1881	105.7	18.24 to 1
1882	108.5	18.27 to 1
1883	106.0	18.65 to 1
1884	99.4	18.62 to 1
1885	93.0	19.39 to 1
1886	91.9	20.73 to 1
1887	92.6	21.11 to 1
1888	94.2	21.99 to 1
1889	94.2	22.10 to 1
1890	92.3	19.77 to 1
1891	92.2	20.92 to 1
1892	...	22.58 to 1
1893	...	26.70 to 1
1894	...	32.58 to 1

Now, what does this table show? Simply that in the United States, since 1860, silver has fallen from 15.29 to 32.58, or over one-half. That is, it now takes 32.58 ounces of silver to buy one ounce of gold, while in 1860 only 15.29 ounces of silver would buy one ounce of gold. If twice as much silver is needed as before, its value, of course, has fallen one-half. But our friends may say siver has not fallen away from goods. Now, that is just what has happened. To-day goods are only 8 per cent. cheaper than in 1860, while silver is 50 per cent. cheaper.

Silver is now selling about 67 cents an ounce fine. If it were raised to par—so that 371 1-4 grains in a dollar piece should be equal to 100 cents in gold—it should sell for about 129 cents.

Concerning the prices of staples, it will certainly be admitted by every reasoning man that it is unreasonable to assume that they are fixed solely by any single factor or condition—not the volume of money and currency, for prices have often advanced in face of diminishing volume, and declined in face of an increasing volume of these; not to abundance or scarcity of commodities in any locality, for the conditions may be reversed in some other place; not, indeed, to any one of many causes. Those who assert with so much vehemence that the decline in prices has been due to the laws relating to money give no reason or fact to prove the relation of cause and effect. They ignore every other influence, even the fact that there is more silver money now in use in the world than at any time in the history of the world. Since 1873 the United States has put in use nearly, or quite, $600,000,000 in silver. France, Belgium, etc., have retained in full legal tender all they had at that time. Germany, Italy and the Scandinavian countries have melted down and sold as bullion about half as much as our government has coined. There has been no contraction of silver—certainly no contraction of currency notes which circulate as money, and there has been a very considerable increase in gold. Why then assume that the decline in prices has been caused solely by monetary legislation? Is it not much more rational to conclude that other causes may be at work?

1. The cheapening of production. Never in the world have men of enterprise and ingenuity been so busy and so successful in discoveries and inventions to increase the efficiency of labor. We have fully entered upon the age of steam and electricity, of applied science and mechanical skill. They have changed every economic condition in the last quarter of a century.

2. The enormous increase in the rapidity and volume of trade. Railroads and steamships are rapidly making the world one in trade, and commerce and prices. And in this connection the telegraph must not be omitted, for the rapid exchange of information is only second in importance to the rapid movement of commodities. Every important market in the world is connected with every other market. Information goes without loss of time, and commodities follow at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Time was then the people of one country were suffering a famine while their neighbors were surfeited with abundance. Such things now are impossible. The wheat markets of Minneapolis and Chicago are in touch with the markets of Odessa and India. The one acts immediately upon the other.

Every manufacturer and farmer, every producer in the world, is studying and devising to reduce the cost of production and to undersell his competitors. How is it possible to expect anything else than declining prices? The whole world is in a conspiracy to bring about this result. Why then should it cause surprise?

The advocates of free silver uniformly refer to wheat and cotton to illustrate their assumption. They steer clear of corn, beef, pork and many other commodities. They never allude to the fact that the enormous increase in the production of wheat and cotton, and the cheapness and quickness of transportation must, at any standard, have reduced their selling value.

Something might be said about the blessings of cheaper food and clothing to the vast majority of the human race, especially when we note the fact about which the free silver men are silent as a tombstone, namely, that under the gold standard wages of labor have steadily and largely advanced. It is maintained by many whose judgment is entitled to weight, that, after all, the value of a day's work is the real unit and standard. However this may be, it is evident that the people who produce the world's wealth are not damaged or injured by cheap food or clothing, while their wages are increasing.

There is another view to be taken of this assertion that prices have depreciated because the volume of primary money has diminished. It is, that the volume of aur primary money is larged than it was in 1873. Nor will it do to amend the assertion by saying it is because the total volume of money of all kinds has diminished, because that also is not true. In point of fact, every one knows that the total volume of our currency, and the per capita, is much larger to-day than it was in 1873.

We will continue this subject in our next week's paper.

UP GARRET.

What a world of fun we had,
You a lass and I a lad,
Up garret!
In the sweet mysterious dusk,
Redolent of mink and musk,
With the herbs strung overhead,
And the "peppers" stiff and red,
And, half hidden by dangling corn,
Grandpa's flask and powder-horn!

Such a store of treasures rare
We were sure of finding there,
Up garret!
Hats and coats of pattern quaint;
Dark old paintings blurred and faint;
Spinning wheels, whose gossip-whirr
Might have startled Aaron Burr;
Old lace caps of saffron hue,
Dishes splashed with villas blue.

You in trailing silk were dressed,
I wore grandpa's figured vest,
Up garret.
So we stood up, hushed and grand,
And were married, hand in hand,
While the tall-cased clock beheld,
As it doubtless did of eld,
When at great-grandfather's side
Stood his blushing Quaker bride.

Furnished ready to our hand
Was the cozy home we planned
Up garret.
Chairs that any modern belle
Would pronounce "antique and swell;"
Chests and dresses that would vie
With the grandest you could buy.
Ah! they didn't kow it then—
Save the little maids and men.

All day long in childish wise
We spun out life's mysteries,
Up garret.
In the ragrant, spicy gloom
Of that dear old raftered room.
Oh, that life in every truth
Were but sweet, protracted youth
And we all might play our parts
With unwearied, happy hearts!
—James Buckham in Evening Wisconsin.

Oregon's Woman Historian.

In glancing over the names of historians one rarely meets the name of a woman, but the lawmakers of Oregon have chosen Mrs. Frances Fuller

MRS. FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

Victor to write the history of that state. The book is known as "The River of the West." Mrs. Victor has written several other works, which show her splendid force, among them "Atlantis Arisen," a book dealing with the physical features of the country, interspersed with anecdote. "All Over Oregon and Washington," and "History of the Early Indian Wars of Oregon."

Mrs. Victor was born in New York and spent her early life in Ohio, where she received her education. She branched gradually into journalism, and before the war compiled a Youth's history of America. In 1863 she married Mr. Victor, a naval officer, and went to San Francisco, Cal., to live, and identified herself with California journalism. She is descended from Lady Susan Clinton, wife of a deputy governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony, who was herself a descendant of thirteen English kings.

Mrs. Victor compiled all the political history in volumes VI. and VII. of Bancroft's California series, and also the railroad history, subjects that the average woman writer would scarcely enjoy having assigned her.

FIDDLE SPRUCE IS SCARCE.

That is, It Was Until a Man Found a Lot of It Near Lobster Lake.

An old lumberman just in from the head waters of the Allegash, above Moosehead Lake, says there are 50,000 hundred dollar violins growing on two townships of land near Lake Saranac, N. Y., and here it was getting to be so scarce that the men who were sent to hunt it up made poor wages. In fact, the chief supply of "fiddle wood" has of late come from the spruce and fir floor boards of colonial mansions. It is found that clear boards seasoned for years under cover, give forth a very resonant tone, even if they are not fine grained and "kinky," like the true violin spruce. Boards from the under floors of aged houses are preferred, and those which are laid nearest the big old chimneys are the best of all. Kiln drying spoils the tone of the choicest woods; but a slow, dry heat, away from the light, under such conditions as floor boards are dried, seems to bring out the melody in stock that is worthless when treated by the usual methods.

The true "fiddle spruce" is the "abies rabra" of Gray's botany, and it seems to be a fine grained variety of the "abies nigra," or black "beer spruce," which is common throughout the Eastern states. It is found on cold hillsides at the far North, and it is a slow-growing, close fibered wood of a reddish tint, and remarkably free from rosin. When a man discovers a tree of this class, large and straight and free from big limbs and knots, he can venture to fell it, knowing that he stands about one chance in twenty of finding a fiddle spruce. If the grain of the wood proves straight, with a cleavage which makes toothpicks, he has spoiled a timber tree for nothing. If the wood is "kinky," however, and full of dots, like a bird's-eye maple, the tree is worth 50 cents a cubic foot where it lies, and three times that sum when it is sawed and seasoned. This wood not only gives an even, resonant sound when made into a violin, but it takes a beautiful polish, which brings out the wavy and spotted fibre in a way to make it admired by all. About fifty years ago a man in Newport, N. H., planted the cones of a fiddle spruce in a nursery, hoping, as he said, "to raise his own fiddles." They grew well, but out of over 5000 seedlings there was not a single tree fit to make into violins.—Springfield Republican.

WICKED LADY OF LOUISVILLE.

Hooking Gudgeons With Tales of the "Edwards Estate."

Mayor Strong, of New York, the other day received the following letter from L. D. Miller, of Bradyville, Tenn.:

"Would you kindly tell me if there is a lawsuit pending against the city of New York? A lady of Louisville claims that there is an estate in New York city in the name of Robert Edwards, and that the heirs have instituted a suit against the city, and the city had offered a compromise of $1,500,000,000, and that the month of September had been selected to compromise the case.

"She claims that she has been selected to settle up the matter, and she charges $100 for filing the claim of each heir. Now she is hurrying the heirs up to get them to send their money, and as there are several about here with claims to file, I would like to know if there is such a suit, and if a compromise is now pending.

"Please write me in regard to the matter and greatly oblige. It would not occupy but a few minutes of your valuable time to give me this information, and it would be a great favor to us."

Mayor Strong wrote to Mr. Miller to refrain from sending his good money to the "Lady of Louisville." The Robert Edwards claim is one of the many mythical claims against the city, but the heirs of Edwards, who, so far as any one knows, never existed, tired at length of spending their money in vain attempts to get possession of nearly all the city north of Canal street. The "Lady of Louisville" has increased the size of the claim, for in its palmiest days it never exceeded a few hundreds of millions, and the compromise she speaks of is only a little less than the assessed value of all the real estate of the city.—New York Sun.

M. QUAD'S GAS BILL.

It Took His Breath Away and Threatened Him With Bankruptcy.

Not long ago Nate Eisenlord, business manager of one of the Denver papers, was in conversation with a Star writer. At one time Eisenlord was business manager of the Detroit Free Press. He told a story about M. Quad, the humorist:

"Quad knows less of business methods," said Eisenlord, "than he does of what goes on in the planets. There came an occasion when we were both at work on the Free Press when Quad longed to be the proprietor of a house and lot. He had always lived in a rented one and put his money in the bank. He determined all at once to own his own vine and fig tree, and having decided to purchase cast about him to find the proper wigwam. One day he walked in on me down in the business office of the paper.

"'Nate,' he said, 'you know that house you live in?'

"'Slightly,' I replied.

"'Do you own it yourself?'

"'The last bulletin was that I did,' I said.

"'What will you take for it?'

"I gazed at him a moment and seeing that he was in solemn earnest, said that I would take $7,000 for it.

"'All right,' said Quad, 'here's a check for $500. Draw up the deed and we'll arrange for the balance. How soon can I get into it?'

"I told him he could have the house in 30 days, but suggested that he had better take the abstract and have the title looked up.

"'What do I want to bother about the title for?' said Quad. 'If the title will do you it will me. By the way, is there gas in the house?'

"'Sure,' I answered.

"'That's right,' said Quad. 'I never had gas in my house yet and I want to try it and see. How much does the gas cost you?'

"'About $7 a month.'

"'Burn all you want?' asked Quad.

"I replied in the affirmative. The next month after Quad took possession the house was remarkable to friend and foe as being a glare of light from cellar to attic. Light streamed from every crack and shone from every casement all night long. This brave display of illuminants excited great admiration and no slight comment. One day Quad, in a seething heat, came to the business office and inquired:

"'Nate, didn't you tell me you burned all the gas you wanted in that house and that it cost you only $7 a month?'

"'Certainly I did, Quad,' I answered. 'What's the matter?'

"'Matter?' gasped Quad. 'Just see what these infernal gas robbers have done. Sent me a bill of $138.50 for last month. You can freely imperil your immortal soul I'll never pay it. These coal gas pirates can't swindle me. I went down to their office and threw down $7 and told them I knew my business, and to turn their attention to cheating some one who didn't.'

"The matter never could be explained to Quad, and, while he no longer burns gas he is still nobly fighting the collection of that bill in the Michigan courts."—Washington Star.

THE VIRGINIA REEL.

A REMINISCENCE.

While softly glows the candle light
Adown the dim wainscoted hall,
Upon the silver, shimmering bright,
Of antique candelabras tall,
In merry eyes it coyly peers,
The love-lit glances to reveal
Of happy maids and cavaliers,
Who dance the old Virginia reel.

Clad in a gown of ample flow,
Coquettish patches on the face,
With powdered hair, as long ago,

THE VIRGINIA REEL.

And quaint and pretty air of grace,
Each tripping maid with lightsome tread,
In dainty shoes, most high of heel,
With eyes that laugh and up-tossed head,
Glides through the old Virginia reel.

The gleam of mellow candle light
Weaves golden meshes in the dance,
And Cupid speeds his arrow's flight
Amid the mazes of the dance,
Just as in past colonial years.
When, to the music's frolic peal,
The happy maids and cavaliers
Danced in the old Virginia reel.

NOT TIRED OF FIGHTING.

Japan is Only Taking a Rest Before Undertaking Fresh Wars.

Every one feels that the peace is only a lull in a storm which will presently rage all the more furiously, says the London News. Russia is now the object of Japanese hatred, and little attempt is made to conceal the fact. "Against Russia, Germany and France even the greatest jingo admits Japan is helpless. But it is quite otherwise with Russia single-handed." All ranks and classes are confident that they can punish Russia. Russia is inviting attack. "Her ships move about prepared for action, with all possible woodwork removed, and the hulls painted sea-green." This is exasperating; but the bitterest blow is the news that in Korea Russian intrigue has completely foiled Japan. The Japanese agent already finds himself a cipher and is coming home. The Japanese, however, will not resign Korea without a fight. If Russia actually occupies the peninsula hostilities will begin. As the troops return from the Liautung peninsula they are being hurriedly sent north, ready, should war result, to be landed in Korea. "It would be no child's play for Russia," says the Daily News' writer. "In ironclads she is superior, but the greater speed of the Japanese cruisers would give them a great advantage and prevent Russia from forcing a pitched naval battle. Guns strained during the recent fights are being replaced and the boilers cleaned and overhauled. "In anothers month Japan will be ready for her formidable foe." Clearly we are only at the beginning of things in the far east.

TEA AS AN INTOXICANT.

Growing Passion for the Drink Among Philadelphians.

The "tea habit" is growing on the law-abiding people of this peaceful city, says the Philadelphia Record. In the opinion of a Quaker City physician of prominence the victims drink this beverage as the hardened drunkard drinks whisky. He adds that "the intoxicating effects of tea are not appreciated as fully as they should be. Cheap or improperly brewed tea is known to have caused many functional derangements of the gravest character. Many of the victims not knowing that their troubles are due to tea drinking, suffer from headache and often from persistent dizziness and indigestion. Despondency and palpitation of the heart are also among the complaints. Lastly, that dread enemy of every man, insomnia, has many victims among the lot. These are certainly a batch of troublesome symptoms of which any pernicious drug should be proud. There is a great difference in the physiological effect of tea on the system. When it has been used to excess for a considerable period well defined symptoms supervene. There can be added to the list already given hallucinations, nausea, anorexia, prostration and anxiety and a peculiar kind of intoxication, ending, after hours of vigil, in a torpor from exhaustion.

TWO CENTENARIANS.

OHIO AND IOWA FURNISH THE RECORD-BREAKERS.

Two Women Who Have Passed the Century Mark.

According to the returns made to the State Census department at Des Moines, the oldest Iowan thus far discovered lives in Keokuk. She is Mrs. Lucy Alexander, colored, a native of Virginia. Her age is given at 119 years. She is

LUCY ALEXANDER.

HANNAH CUDDEBOCH.

just as old as her country. She cannot read or write and is a widow, her husband having died when she had barely reached the age of 102. Mrs. Lucy Alexander lives with her son Thomas, himself 64 years old. She is perhaps five feet six inches tall, of full African blood, or nearly so, she stating that her grandparents were brought over from Africa by the slave traders. Her countenance is furrowed and seamed with the ravages of time, but her eyes sparkle as in youth. Indeed, she uses no glasses and is able to thread her own needle. Her hearing is unimpaired and she yet has one tooth perfectly sound. She says she has had good health all her life and aside from an occasional attack of neuralgia, does not experience an ache or pain.

The oldest woman in the state of Ohio lives in Vermillion. Perhaps she is the oldest person in the state of Ohio. Vermillion people say that she is, and certainly they have a good basis for their statement. Centenarians are rare, but Mrs. Hannah Cuddeboch, the oldest woman in Ohio, is one hundred and five years of age this month.

She lives in a pleasant, old-fashioned frame house, far back in a yard in which an old-fashioned garden blooms brightly. She left Marcellus, New York, with her husband, in the year 1811, when she was a young woman of twenty-one years. She could relate the story of their long journey in an ox team to Ohio. It took them twenty days to reach Vermillion. But that is record-breaking time for an ox team. Vermillion was not Vermillion when Hannah Cuddeboch came to it. It was but one log house, and the one her sturdy husband hewed for himself and his bride was the second in what is now a smart little village, rapidly becoming a summer resort.

Mrs. Cuddeboch had six children, four girls and two boys. Her daughters still live. Mrs. Rhoda Stannard, aged eighty years, in Iowa, Mrs. Emily Stone, who is the wife of Captain George Stone, and is seventy-two years old, in East Cleveland; Mrs. Pauline Pratt, who is seventy years old, in Valparaiso, Ind.; and Sarah Simpson, "the baby," who is sixty-seven years old, and lives with her mother.

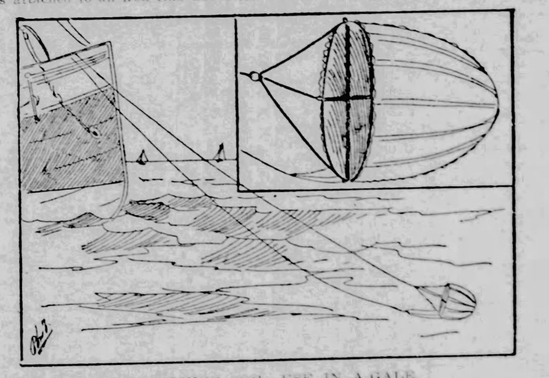
The oldest woman in the state could not tell of a century's journey through life the other day. She is failing rapidly. Someone else will be the oldest woman in the state—perhaps soon.

HOLDS A SHIP'S HEAD TO THE SEA.

San Francisco Mariner Invents a Drag Anchor Made of Canvas.

L. M. Furman, a practical seaman, has invented a drag or sea anchor, says the San Francisco Call, which combines both simplicity and efficiency and will doubtless be adopted by sea-going vessels.

It is a large bag made of strong canvas attached to an iron ring about ten



STORM ANCHOR FOR USE IN A GALE.

feet in diameter. This drag is put over the weather bow of the vessel with several hundred feet of rope, and permitted to sink about twelve or fifteen feet below the surface of the water. This is easily regulated by a small buoy attached to the drag with line of that length. The canvas bag sinks below the base of the waves, consequently the rollers, which drive the vessel leeward, have no effect upon the drag which, filled with water, keeps the ship head-on to the sea constantly. The vessel cannot fall off, and, it is safe to say, had the Colima had this simple contrivance the frightful disaster might have been averted.

When it is desired to pull the drag aboard the "tripping lines" which run through small rings on the iron frame and around the bag are pulled. This draws the canvas into a small compass, turning the whole contrivance sidewise and causing it to be easily hauled through the water up to the surface and then to the bow of the vessel. When not spread, it is so small that it may be lowered over the side of the ship in the hardest blow, as it is simply taken up by hand and thrown into the sea, when it opens and begins to pull on the bow of the steamer.

LOVE UNUTTERED.

My life reveals my love;
Thereof my soul is proud!
My life reveals my love,
Yet vaunts it not aloud!

For one alone there lives
My heart's interpreter,
The silence of my soul
Is musical to her.

PRECOCIOUS PREACHERS.

Infantile Evangelists Should be Restrained for Religion's Sake.

This sort of infant phenomenon is so numerous in the South that the Memphis Commercial Appeal says "they are becoming a nuisance, causing men of thought to become very tired. Those who encourage them are making a travesty of the most sacred of human concerns. The first one naturally created a sensation. The number has been increasing every year, until now, as in the case with the English sparrows, there must be found a way to abate them, or the cause of Christianity will suffer.

A study of several of these boy preachers and of their careers enables us to explain them to our own satisfaction, at least. They know nothing of human life. Sometimes they are converted, and sometimes they are not, but when they are not they think they are. They imitate the manner and tones, easily absorbing the words, ideas and hymns of those who surround them, are flattered by attentions, becoming abnormally active mentally, but never produce an original thought, and seldom utter anything that would attract the slightest attention were they not so young.

Numbers of the earliest American infant preachers began at the age of 17 or 18, but few as early as 15; for it was the opinion of Bishop Asbury that they should be kept humble, and not allowed to advance beyond the rank of exhorter for some years. John Wesley held the same view, and was particularly anxious that no precocious children should be flattered. Indeed, his whole policy was to keep them back. Nevertheless, he mistook some instances as specially raised up of God that greatly deceive him in the outcome.

Now and then in the musical world there is a phenomenon who holds on, and develops to the close of his life—generally short—increasing in merit and fame. There are just about as many successful boy preachers, in proportion to the whole number of precocious youth, as they are of transendent geniuses in the musical sphere. One peculiarity is always noticeable where there is reason to believe them sincere—the rhythmical character of their speech. Owing to their youth any excitement of the brain and nervous system tends to produce tears; hence, as they speak, become rhythmical, and the tears flow, it is a pathetic scene. Mothers look upon them: "Oh, that my boy were there." Sisters repine that their brothers are not capable of such deeds. Some one rises and exclaims: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise," and all the handkerchiefs in the house are drawn out.

But in a few years a wonder comes to light. These same boy preachers often become the driest and least effective of speakers. Their lachrymal glands are like thirsty springs in the desert. We have known several of them to dry up and have to leave the ministry. Others have retained the habit of eye-wiping after the last tear has been dry for many a long month, and in some instances have developed a sniffle, summoning the membranes of the proboscis to supply what would no longer flow from the tear-dimmed eye.—New York Christian Advocate.

Gulls as Weather Prophets.

It is a widespread belief, both in Scotland and Ulster, that the line "Sea gull, sea gull, sit on the sand, It's never good weather while you're on land," alludes to the well-known fact that when the bird flies out early and far to seaward, or remains on the sand, fair weather may be looked for, while if it takes a contrary course storms most frequently follow.

JUST ABOUT GIRLS.

Quick to Take a Hint.

Miss Coygirl—Jack Softleigh told me last night that I ought to accept him, because he was willing to prove his love for me.

Her Friend—What did you say?

"I said I couldn't see it in that light."

"Then what did he say?"

"Nothing. He just turned the light out."—Philadelphia Record.

Shortsighted.

Mamma—I had no idea there were so many men here this season.

Daughter—Unfortunately, mamma, dear, there's not a man among them. It's only another lot of those terrible bloomer girls.—Brooklyn Life.

The Trilby Influence.

Mabel—Shall we girls go in bathing to-day all together?

Aunt Maria—Mabel, I am surprised at you! No, you'll wear bathing dresses, and modest ones, too, if I have anything to say about it.—Boston Transcript.

The New Woman's Courtship.

"Are you worth a million, Mr. Callow?" said the emancipated young woman to the sweet young man.

"Yes."

"Mr. Callow—Fred—I love you madly! May I speak to your mamma?"—Town Topics.

Won't Miss the Club.

He—But will I have to give up my club when we are married, love?

She—Oh, I'll have a little club at home for you, dear.—St. John Telegraph.

After Thirty.

Doctor (to Miss Sere, who is ill)—Let me see your tongue, please? Ah, yes! That will do! Now give me your hand—Miss Sere (ecstatically)—Oh, doctor! This is so sudden.—New York World.

A Maine Paper's Vacation.

The Messenger of Pemaquid, Me., recently celebrated its tenth birthday not by a "vacation edition," but by a two-weeks' vacation for all hands, during which no paper was printed.—New York Recorder.

Weight and Height.

The weight and height of the "perfect man," according to a standard adopted by the leading life insurance companies, is as follows:

	Pounds.
5 feet	115
5 feet 1 inch	120
5 feet 2 inches	125
5 feet 3 inches	130
5 feet 4 inches	135
5 feet 5 inches	142
5 feet 6 inches	145
5 feet 7 inches	148
5 feet 8 inches	152
5 feet 9 inches	155
5 feet 10 inches	160
5 feet 11 inches	165
6 feet	170
6 feet 1 inch	175
6 feet 2 inches	180
6 feet 3 inches	185
6 feet 4 inches	191

Force of the Human Jaw.

Dr. J. V. Black, a dentist of Jacksonville, Fla., has made some experiments as to the force exerted by the human jaw in chewing food. He says that the amount of pressure recorded in a single bite varies from 50 to 270 pounds. This maximum record, it is interesting to note, was made by a physician. The crushing force necessary to masticate ordinary beefsteak, Dr. Black says, is only 40 to 50 pounds. He says that usually a good deal more force is applied than is necessary, viz., from 60 to 80 pounds, and he laments somewhat this waste of energy.

The Gulf Stream.

According to Capt. Maury, the gulf stream runs up hill. He shows that after emerging from the Gulf of Mexico this famous current of warm water broadens out toward the north and becomes correspondingly more and more shallow. Thus, its depth off the Island of Bemini is about 200 fathoms, while off Cape Hatteras it has shallowed to about 100 fathoms. He calculates the ascent at ten inches to the mile.

John Smith's Five Widows.

In a cemetery in the suburbs of Lowell, Mass., there are five headstones all alike except the inscriptions. The first one reads: "First wife of John Smith" and the second "Second wife," and so on until the fifth stone, which reads: "John Smith, at rest, at last."

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The famous Hartford Single-Tube Tires with which Columbia Bicycles are equipped add much to the pleasure Columbia riders have in bicycling. Even the dreaded puncture loses its terrors with Hartford Single-Tubes. Repaired in a minute. Anyone can do it. Dunlop tires, best of double tubes, if you prefer.

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WE WANT LADIES to show the Davidson No So Hook and Eye, which needs no sewing, in every town. Liberal commission paid. The H. DAVIDSON CO., 52 Franklin street, New York.

WHEN A WOMAN DONS BLOOMERS.

When first he dons trousers
There comes to a boy
A thrill and a feeling
Of wonderful joy;
With hands in his pockets,
Complacent his smile,
He's aware of one fact—
His clothes are "the style."

When a woman dons bloom

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss Emily Bouton, EDITOR

A PETITION.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on.
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life my weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—Whittier.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

SEIZED AS THEY FLOATED BY ON THE CURRENT OF LIFE.

Do Not Train Children to Love the Pomp and Circumstance of War.

I do not know of a keener rebuke of what seems to have the approval of many good people than that conveyed by Mr. Angell, the president of the American Band of Mercy, when he suggests the arming of the Christian Endeavorers in the same way as some denominational Sunday schools are being armed. He says: "If it is a good thing for Sunday schools, why not for Christian Endeavorers? Think of a million of Christian Endeavorers, white endeavorers and colored—armed with rifles, bayonets, swords, cannon and gatling guns—and a great Christian Endeavor navy of ironclads, rams and torpedoes. What a power they could bring to convert the heathen to a knowledge of Christianity!"

Mr. Angell's objection to the drilling of youth in the use of weapons is well taken. And then to do it in the name of the Prince of Peace, is such an absurdity! There are other ways and means to interest boys in good work to retain them in the bosom of the Mother Church, that being the object aimed at, besides developing in them a love for the pomp and circumstance of war, without regard to the horrors which the thought of war represents.

Nothing of this kind should ever be encouraged in the Sunday school or in any other schools. Love of God, love of Christ, love of the right, love of country and home can all be better taught than by a recognized imitation of what, at its best, means passion and pain and suffering inflicted by man upon his fellow man. The door of the twentieth century is already swinging back upon its hinges. It seems as if civilization should have reached the stage in which bloody conflicts can be left behind, shut away into the past, and arbitration settle matters in dispute. There may be occasions when the more enlightened nations are compelled to interfere forcibly to prevent outrage and cruelty, as perhaps in Armenia, but all ordinary differences are not beyond the control of the governments, if there is the least desire to be true to the laws of right and justice. Such conditions can only be attained through the instilling of the principles of peace and a due regard to the rights of others into the growing youth of the country, and this can never be done, through imitating "the pomp and glory of war" in their education.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox often puts truths into song in the happiest way—those truths which to remember and act upon mean real spiritual growth, which is after all the only growth that will abide, and therefore the one most to be cared for.

I came across the little poem below the other day. It may be familiar to some of the Blade readers, but it will hurt no one to read it, not only once, but many times, for what she describes is truly "the fault of the age." It is the mad rush and hurry to gain—something, anything that chances to have touched desire—which is wearing us out, which hinders true accomplishment, and which finally takes all of the beauty and glory out of life. We lack patience; we "scorn to wait for the thing worth having"; we despise the day of small things and of slow gains. The man in business is constantly planning to count his increase by thousands, and work and worry brings a physical and mental breakdown when he should still be strong and vigorous. The same thing is true of women, whatever be the object of their strivings. They, too, "crave the gain but despise the getting." And so it is a good thing to look at ourselves in this mirror which Mrs. Wilcox has held before us, to recognize our own reflection therein as well as that of our friend and neighbor.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to the heights that were made to climb,
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever
We plan to outwit and forestall Time.

We scorn to wait for the thing that's worth having;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving
As our forefathers did in the good times gone.

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom that we may wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting;
We want wealth, not as reward, but dower;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet shrink from the winning;
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the old slow way of striving,
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving,
And to grasp for pleasures we have not won.

We hear a great deal about the change for the worse in the world, that instead of growing better, it is going on in the opposite direction, that wretchedness is increasing, and crime more rampant. With all due deference to the pessimist who holds to this view, and respect for his arguments which, in some ways, seem good, I still maintain the opposite view. We know today the want and crime and misery that have always existed, because they are daily brought to our view, and thus to our knowledge. And I am sure that there was never a time when men were so awake to the needs of their fellows; when so much thought was given to schemes for the amelioration of misery; and when the permanent elevation of the race was so deeply considered. Look at all the movements for the spiritual advancement of the world, under different names, and yet with the same ultimate purpose in view. It is not now the satisfying of physical needs alone that is considered, but the thought goes deeper, goes toward mental and moral advancement. And the result cannot fail to be a final adjustment of conditions upon a higher plane.

It needs, however, that all work for this purpose. The very fact that the chances for a higher evolution of humanity are so many, multiplies the responsibilities of those who perceive the truth. By thought, by word, by deed, from each and every one, no matter what the age or condition, is demanded right effort, and this demand must be met, or by so much do we fail in duty. And if we do not help humanity onward, we hinder, for there is no medium course in this life.

The following quotation from the character sketch of Theodore Roosevelt in the current Review of Reviews is worthy the thoughtful consideration of all young men, and of the leisure class particularly:

"If you could speak commandingly to the young men of our city," the writer of the sketch asked Mr. Roosevelt, "what would you say to them?"

"I'd order them to work," said he; "I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine—the theory of the duty of the leisure class to the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached; first and foremost to be an American, heart and soul, and to go in with any person, heedless of anything but that person's qualifications. For myself, I'd work as quick beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendant of a poltroon; it literally makes no difference to me so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest. One other thing I'd like to teach the young man of wealth that he who has not got wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his first duty to the state. It is ignoble to try to heap money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Rest for Weary Housekeepers—Etiquette of Private Boarding Houses.

Happy are those housekeepers who have in their neighborhood a place where they can obtain meals when they find the cares of housekeeping pressing too heavily, or when the cook takes her vacation. A place where they may take one, or three meals a day (as they please), where a refined home atmosphere prevails and adds to the comfort of well cooked, daintily served food.

With such a refuge from the worry of planning and preparing dinner, many ladies can easily manage the breakfast and luncheon, and with the assistance of a laundress one day in the week, feel independent of the "help" who oft-times makes life a burden for her mistress. And the expense is less, if one considers the cost of materials for dinner, the fuel and the waste that is almost inevitable in cooking for a small family.

As we appreciate the adsence of all the hotel, or boarding house-y feeling at these private homes, so we should remember that there is especial courtesy and thoughtfulness due the hostess—for so she seems—and to others who share with us these privileges.

For one thing, it is well to be regular in your times of going to your meals. In a private house there is seldom room to seat many at the tables at once and it will be appreciated by the hostess if she can tell when to expect you, as she then arranges matters so that others can also be accommodated. Sometimes it is, of course, impossible to do this and if you are late and find your accustomed place filled, do not fret about it, or blame any one, but wait quietly till there is a place for you.

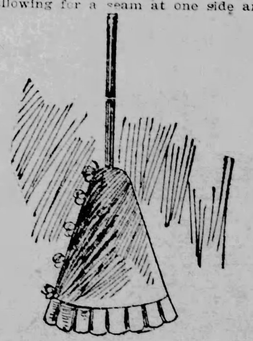
If you bring children do not forget that their conversation, though it may seem very bright and sweet to you, may not interest others and that they should not be encouraged to indulge in it too freely at the table, and if you have a child who insists upon being answered before he will cease asking a question, in mercy to every one in the room, answer him immediately. When a new boarder comes in, be merciful to him, or her, and do not let him see that you are "sizing him up," it will seriously interfere with his enjoying his dinner. "Of course no lady or gentleman would do so rude a thing," do you say? Of course they would not, if they gave it a thought, but sometimes we all forget.

SOME CHOICE COVERINGS

For Divers Articles of Household Use and Adornment.

For a Broom.

In dusting walls and cornices this little arrangement will be found very convenient. Cut a pattern from paper to fit smoothly around the broom, and from this cut the cover from heavy cotton flannel, either white or colored, allowing for a seam at one side and



at the bottom, and hems at the other side. Sew the cover together on the one side and across the bottom; hem the other side and turn the bag. Across the bottom sew a doubled box-pleated ruffle two inches wide, and fasten the cover at the open side with bows of red braid.—Housekeeper.

For Sofa Pillow.

The materials required are knitting cotton No. 14 and a fine bone, or coarse steel crochet hook. Make a chain a little longer than the width of the cushion and work upon it one row of open crochet, i. e.: 2 ch., skip 2 ch., 1 tr. in 3d ch. There should be a number of holes exactly divisible by 6, with one hole over, and to obtain this result, the chain may be made a trifle longer or shorter, as is found necessary.

On this row crochet 2 open, 3 close crochet, i. e.: 3 tr. in each open of preceding row; 3 open 3 close alternately, ending the row with 2 open; 3d row, 1 open, 5 close, alternating; 4th row, 1 open, 3 close, all across; 5th row, like the third; 6th row, like 2d; 7th row, 5 open, 3 close, 3 open, 3 close, alternately, ending with 5 open; 8th row, 4 open, 5 close, 1 open 5 close, 1 open, alternately, ending with 4 open; 9th and 10th, like 8th; 11th like 7th.

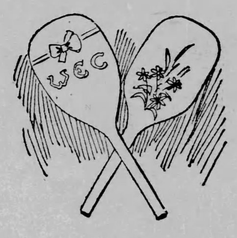
This completes the pattern, the 12th row being like the second.

This is repeated until the cover is large enough, when the edge is finished with a scallop or pretty edge. Crochet 2 chains to reach diagonally across from corner to corner, fastening them together midway with a slip-stitch. These are to hold the cover in place, and do away with the necessity for pins, the pillow being easily slipped under them into place.

A finer cover may be made of linen thread in any pretty open-work design.—Theo. Tangent.

For a Racquet.

Cut a paper pattern from the racquet itself and allow enough in cutting the felt cover for seams all around in order that the racquet may slip in and out easily. The felt may be of any desired color, though for service and beauty combined, a dark cardinal embroidered on one side with daisies and leaves in their natural shades is excellent. Embroider the initials of the

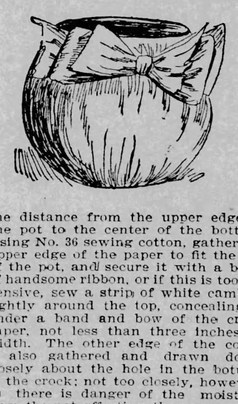


owner on the other half of the cover, and bind the two together at the edges with fine silk or worsted braid. The cover is left open across the top to admit the racquet, the sides of the opening being bound and finished with fasteners of the binding braid.

For a Flower-Pot.

Put a strip of cotton batting two inches wide around the middle of the flower-pot. Over this put another strip four inches wide and two inches longer than the first; continue in this way until the pot is entirely covered, each additional strip being two inches wider and longer than the preceding one.

Cut a strip of crepe paper with the crinkles running crosswise, making it long enough to go twice around the biggest part of the pot, and wide as



the distance from the upper edge of the pot to the center of the bottom. Using No. 36 sewing cotton, gather the upper edge of the paper to fit the top of the pot, and secure it with a band of handsome ribbon, or if this is too expensive, sew a strip of white cambric tightly around the top, concealing it under a band and bow of the crepe paper, not less than three inches in width. The other edge of the cover is also gathered and drawn down closely about the hole in the bottom of the crock; not too closely, however, as there is danger of the moisture from the pot affecting the paper.

Center Piece for Dining Table.

One yard fine linen, three shades of pink embroidery silk for flowers, and two shades green for stems and leaves. Cut the linen in the shape of a diamond, rather longer than it is wide. Sketch across it lengthwise a curved spray of sweet peas, ten or twelve inches long, the largest blossom about two and one-half inches across, those at the top growing smaller. On the wrong side, just where the flowers are, sew a piece of muslin to give firmness to the work and also raise the flowers; work in solid embroidery, shading from the natural flowers, or a picture card in colors. Trim the edges with fringe or real lace, about an inch wide. Set a pink bowl filled with sweet peas in the center.—Peggie Clover.

Toilet Mats.

Toilet mats are pretty made butterfly shape, of velvet or silk, appropriately embroidered; or, of bolting cloth, lined with silk and decorated, in either the correct butterfly shades or conventionally with dye paints. The bolting cloth mats are pretty to "dress up" a bureau, which is covered with clean linen scarf, and pincushion cover. If used in this way, the mats are very delicate, left unlined, with raw edges cut out in relief. A bolting cloth butterfly to pin on top of the pincushion, and quite covering the top, is an addition for dress occasions.—Meg Merriles.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

One Sensible Mother's Method—Will be a Lifter, Not a Leaner.

The editor of the Household intended to publish the comments on the letters written for the prize, but has been obliged to omit several for want of space. They were all very excellent, and, as stated last week, the majority were in favor of Miss Laura A. Chupp, of Ossian, Indiana, to whom the prize book has been forwarded.

Some most interesting articles have been received on various subjects, from "Primrose," "Mary," and others of our regular correspondents, that will appear as soon as arrangements are completed for the new department. A paper on "The Care of the Hair,"—some valuable floral suggestions and others equally practical, are among them. We extend a cordial invitation to all of our old friends and correspondents to come again and meet the later members of the Household family.

The Boy Understood Her.

I want to ask the mothers how they do when the children come from school with their deportment low. My sister-in-law looks over the cards and says: "It is too bad, the teacher shows so much favoritism," and the next month it is better. "Well," I said to my boy; "young man, if your standing is not better next month, you and I will have trouble." It was better. Now, will some one tell me what it costs to get a deed recorded in Tennessee? We have heard it costs $7.—New Subscriber.

Wishes to Do Her Part.

Having been a reader of the Toledo Blade from my childhood, which has been at least two score years, I claim it has had no small part in my education and in the forming of my character, and I will now awake from my Rip Van Winkle sleep and be no longer a parasite, but place myself with the "Lifters," not the "Leaners," hereafter.

I come forward at this time to favor the request that the older members of the Household bring from the recesses of the past such things, new and old, as may be of use to one another. "Echoes from the Past" has suggested itself to me as an appropriate name, and I would say, let it be no doleful sound, but ring out the glad tidings and exepriences of life; even the dark clouds have had silver linings, and bitter disappointments have taught us more clearly God's will concerning us.—A Reader.

Dissatisfied, but Not Discouraged.

I live in the country on a farm, and consequently have not the opportunity for culture and improvement I would like. When I see what education and cultured society have done for others I look upon my own life in disgust and almost wish I had never been taught anything but drudgery; then my aspirations would not have soared beyond possibilities, I would have married some humdrum personage, settled down to hard work and been content. As it is, I have had a taste of a better life, and I am starving for mental culture, though I read and study and am trying to make the best of my situation. Then the thought occurred to me that perhaps I might find, through the Household, what my surroundings forbid, viz.: Encouragement, help and congenial companionship.

I am at present making the standard authors a study, gathering up all the bits of information concerning them that I can. Who can help me? I am also trying to familiarize myself with their best quotations. I think they furnish something for the mind to feed upon.

Have read a sketch lately criticising Emerson, calling him Plato's echo, and in order for him to shine he must be placed beside common men and then perhaps he would shine with borrowed light.

I was surprised. Has Emerson any friends among the Household to refute that? Some other time (if I am allowed a corner) I would like to discuss some of the books I have read.

I approve of the plan proposed to allow the older ladies a place in your column for exchanging views.

The Household will be glad to have our correspondent give her ideas about books.—Ed.

Come Right In.

I am like many other strangers that come to your door knocking for admittance into your home circle. I have a practical knowledge of housekeeping and, with rather limited means, try to be very economical and keep a clean house, and also wash my dishes clean. I live in the little city of Paris, which is making a great fight for the Eastern Normal Institute against a dozen or more other places. We are not expected to know if we have won the victory before September. If we have not the advantages of our sisters who live in large cities we can make great progress if we only try. I have only come to say how are you, and to get my name in the paper or in the waste basket.—Esther Daring.

A Good Word for Agents.

I come to say a word for the many agents and canvassers, both men and women, who come to our houses. They come with everything from a bean-pot to a book. Of course we cannot order from all, but we can surely treat them in a kind and ladylike manner, and if the day is warm give them a drink of cold water and a chair to rest them. We do not know what losses in life have made it necessary for them to become peddlers, as some call it, and we should try not to make their lives harder for them. We should think what if it was our son, or daughter who was obliged to do such work, how would we want them received?

One very warm day, quite recently, I found at my door a bright looking boy who was taking orders for brooms, just common brooms, such as we can buy at any store. A chat of five minutes explained that he was selling the brooms to earn money to enable him to finish his education. My order was placed with him in a very short time, and though it was very little I was glad I had the chance to help him even that much.—Peggie Clover.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS

On Various Subjects of Interest to Our Household Friends.

A Buckeye-Californian:—The editor would be very willing to "excuse the lead pencil" for the sake of reading so interesting a letter as yours, but the writing is, in many places, rubbed till it is quite illegible. In mercy to the editors and compositors we are obliged to insist upon ink-written manuscript. Come again, next time with pen and ink.—Ed.

S. S. R.:—The inquiry and address should be sent at the same time. Your inquiry sent two weeks ago cannot be found in the quantity of letters, etc., that accummulate upon the editor's desk in that time. Try once more; send both at the same time, and the answer shall be given if it is anything that can be answered.—Ed.

Subscriber:—It would be wiser to submit your inquiry to a good lawyer. In such matters it is safer to trust to such advice than to any other.—Ed.

H. V. T.:—Your child seems to be very badly afflicted, and you should obtain the advice of a good physician at once. Delays in such cases are generally very dangerous, and if you value the life, or health of your child, you should not let the question of saving a few dollars stand in your way.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will Pansy give the name of the railroad and station nearest the Ice mountain in Virginia?—An Invalid.

Will some one tell me how ox-gall is used for retaining colors in wash goods?—Snow Ball.

Will some one give remedy for destroying the insect known as the "Buffalo" moth?—Moth-eaten.

Will some one send recipe for making butter crackers?—J. R. B.

Can some one tell me where I can secure a book entitled "Among Our Authors"?—One in Need.

Answers.

Farmer's Daughter:—If you catch the cat carrying off your young chickens, tie one around her neck, and make her wear it a day or two, and she will be entirely cured of troubling poultry. —Farmer's Wife.

Sponge:—Squeeze your sponges in warm water till free from soap every time when you are done using them, and let them dry in the sunshine, if possible. Repeated scalding will sometimes restore a sponge that has become hard and musty, but the prevention is better than the cure.—Druggist.

Curious:—"The Last Rose of Summer" was written by Thomas Moore, and the words are set to a tune found in collections of Irish music said to be 200 years old.—Musician.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Recipes for Pickles and Preserves—Each One Tried and Found Good.

Cucumber Pickles.

Heat 3 gallons of water, into which you have dissolved 1 teacupful of salt, till it boils, then pour over 1-2 bu. of cucumbers, washed and laid carefully in a stone jar. Repeat this for four successive mornings and on the fifth morning rinse the pickles from the brine and cover them with 1 gallon of boiling vinegar in which has been dissolved a piece of alum the size of a butternut. When cold, it is an improvement to put in a few pieces of horseradish. These pickles can be used immediately, or they can be kept a year.—Lillie B.

Another Method of Canning Corn.

Mix 15 pts. of corn cut from the cob; 5 pts. of water and 1 pt. of salt. Boil till the corn is soft and can while hot. —Mrs. W. B. Randall.

Spiced Vinegar.

This is good for cucumbers, string beans, cauliflower, cabbage or anything of the kind: To each qt. of good vinegar allow 1 teaspoonful each of whole cloves, pepper corns, and allspice, 1-2 doz. blades of mace, 1-3 cupful sugar and 1-2 of an onion, chopped. Tie the spices and onion in a bag made of cheesecloth, and boil in the vinegar and sugar for ten minutes. This must be poured, boiling hot, over the pickles each morning for seven days, scalding it each morning. Cover the pickles closely and keep in a cool place.—Adeline T.

Old-Fashioned Peach Preserves.

Peel and stone the fruit and allow pound for pound of sugar. Extract the kernels from 1-4 of the pits and boil them till soft. Place the sugar and fruit in alternate layers in a porcelain kettle and when the sugar is melted, strain over it the water in which the pits have been cooked and boil the whole till the peaches are clear. Remove them and let them lie on flat dishes, in the sun, to harden them while the syrup is boiled till it is clear and thick. Fill the jars 3-4 full of fruit and fill with the syrup. Cover with cloth, or thick paper securely tied down.—Grandmother.

STORY OF A LOST NAPOLEON

Told by Gilbert Parker, the Noted Canadian Novelist.

It is a comparatively short time since the stories of Gilbert Parker began to attract the attention of the literary world, but he has recently grown rapidly in popularity. Most of his scenes are laid in Canada, with which he is thoroughly familiar.

When Valmond Came to Pontiac is the somewhat lengthy but meaning title of Mr. Parker's latest work, which Stone & Kimball, of Chicago, have brought out in an attractive form. The story begins somewhat in this fashion: In the pretty, quaint little village of Pontiac suddenly appears a young man of peculiarly attractive appearance, who wins the children by tossing them pennies as they were gathered before the tavern, and their elders by drinking with

GILBERT PARKER.

them of the French vintage which he ordered plentifully. During this scene, Parpon, the dwarf, is introduced and at the stranger's request assists the latter in dispensing wine, singing the while in a low tone. Here are a few words describing him:

"This he hummed to Monsieur Garon the avocat, in a tone all silver, for he had that one gift of Heaven as recompense for his deformity—his long arms, big head, and short stature—a voice which gave you a shiver of delight and pain all at once. It had in it mystery and the incomprehensible. This drinking song, lilted just above his breath touched some antique memory in the avocat and he nodded kindly at the dwarf, though he refused the wine."

Later the dwarf bursts into louder song, using words ending with Vive Napoleon! which seems to touch the stranger and arouse the crowd. This was the beginning of Valmond's life in the village, where he finally becomes an idol, the representative of the great Napoleon, and believed to be his descendant.

The character of the hero is drawn with the fine touches peculiar to this writer. There is always a kind of airy lightness in his descriptions and delineations, a bird-like skimming, so to speak, of the cream of sentiment whether it be joyful or pathetic, that is extremely fascinating. He suggests depths instead of taking us there, and though there is usually a pathetic strain running through all of his stories, it only produces in us a gentle sadness that is never unpleasant. And so we follow Valmond to his tragic end with warm interest that never becomes pain.

The other characters in the story are also well drawn. The beautiful Madam Chadlee, who sometimes believes in Valmond and sometimes disbelieves, but always yields to his charm of manner; pretty Elise Malbofr, who never doubts him; De La Riviere, who hates and finally compasses his downfall; Lagroin, the soldier of the Old Guard, all are portrayed with the skill of the artist. When Valmond Came to Pontiac, while not a great book, is yet well worth the reading.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Experience No Falling Off in Attendance Because of the Heat.

All communications for this department should be addressed to Toledo Blade, Toledo, Ohio, with the letters M. G. R. written in one corner of the envelope.

The subject at present before the Wisconsin members of the Order is: "Is deception justifiable under any circumstances?" Members will please send their opinions on the question to the state president, Mrs. G. W. Cook, Black River Falls, Wis.

Chaperone's Confidential.

Pauline:—The Chaperone pardons everything, even the "pun" in view of the recent "warm spell." Thank you for the subject.

Gem of the Mts.:—Any member of the M. G. R. can have a badge now by sending fifty cents to The Blade, Toledo, O. Thank you for your kind invitation to the Chaperone. She only wishes she could accept it.

Minnesota Boy:—You are regularly entered on the Chaperone's book, and are entitled to all rights and privileges of the Column.

Dorothy:—The missing paper "turned up" after I had written you, but I thank you for repeating it, and for your pleasant little note.

Lapsus Calami:—Your article is too good to be clipped and a little too long for the M. G. R. column, but will come in present in Our Young Folks. Thank you for clearing up the mystery.

The Circle welcomes the following new members this week: Oregon Bach, Agricola, Western Woodsman and Frank Hume.

Letters are received from the old members also: Gem of the Mts., Water Lily, Lorraine, New England Girl, A. M. T., Keystone May, June-berry, and Lapsus Calami.

Cara Mia, Iowa:—"It is 'high midnight' instead of 'high noon,' and I hope you are all sleeping sweetly. As you know, I am in a Sanitarium, learning to be a nurse; at present I am on night duty, and have sole care and charge. About an hour ago the patients were all resting quietly, so I spent a few minutes sitting on the staircase leading to a lower hall, and as I gazed through the window on the lovely moon, I wished I could describe to you the picture I saw. Away in the distance a church spire or the tower of some stately dwelling threw its dark shadow against the sky; here and there I saw the waving branches of a tree; I could see, too, 'the lights of the village,' and over all the moon shed her rays of light."

Lenore, Va.:—"Women are not such cowards as Raven seems to think. If they had the right of suffrage they would exercise it wisely by choosing men of honesty and integrity, fitted morally as well as mentally, to sit in the gubernatorial chair, or in the legislative hall. And should war come, the noble wives and mothers of our land would remain to take care of the home, hoping, fearing, yet praying for the safe return of husband and son; while old maids and sweet sixteens would be found in the hospitals and camps, binding up the soldiers' wounds and comforting the dying."

Ivy, Ind.:—"I live on a large farm where there is plenty of work to do, and I think country life is the best. I belong to The Blade Temperance Legion; am in the first year's course of high school work, my favorite studies being history and physiology."

Wild Ivy, Colo.:—"From my home we have a fine view of the Rockies, and in the distance of the Snowy Range. I do not think there is any harm in dancing at the proper time and place, but I do not believe in going to public dances, where all sorts of people are free to go, or in dancing on Sunday. My father was with Sherman on his famous march to the sea, and I love to listen to his talk concerning those days."

Oregon Bach, Ore.:—"I wish to inform Country Cousin that culinary is no sign of selfishness. Bachelors are not to blame for remaining single now-a-days; times have changed since our fathers and mothers were sweethearts. In those days man and wife met and overcame obstacles hand in hand, now girls expect too much in the matter of this world's goods. The young man of spirit wants to make a start in life before he asks a girl to be his wife, and as the average bachelor can never save a cent, he remains single and poor, whereas, if he had a helpmate to cheer him out of his poverty and encourage him to persevere, both would have struggled upward to competence and enjoyed it the more the greater difficulties they had to surmount."

Gem of the Mts., Idaho:—"I think it decidedly wrong to play croquet on Sunday. How can any one combine Sunday worship and croquet parties without one being detrimental to the other? It is the fashion here to hurry home from church, eat lunch, and all gather at some one's home to be entertained in the afternoon with croquet. But not one of the players would dance a step, even on week days for any consideration!

"I have been reading the Heavenly Twins and think my time wasted. Have any of the M. G. R.'s read it? I wish you all could enjoy our beautiful Indian summer. It is earlier this year than usual, and the air is very much cooler. Can any one give the reason why it generally, if not always, approaches from the north?"

Agricola, Pa.:—"My 'ideal' is not handsome, but attractive, neat, gentle, well-educated, pure, economical and charitable. She refuses the company of young men who taint their breath with tobacco and occasionally touch the flowing bowl; and she looks with disgust on the abominable, low-necked dress. I haven't read the Column long, but have found out that near the Chaperones' desk is a basket of large dimensions, which all members fear; if this letter escapes it, I may come again."

Water Lily, Iowa:—"How our Circle has improved in the past year, and what radical ideas some of our young people, especially the young men, do express on the dress-reform and suffrage questions! But girls, we have every reason to be proud of them, as most of them seem to have all the gallantry of the 'good old times' combined with the superior educational advantages of to-day, which cannot help but produce our 'Ideal Man.' Say, girls, do you think that hearts ever do really break, outside of novels?"

Western Woodsman, Washington:—"I live on Puget's Sound, not very far from Tacoma. The scenery here is very beautiful; looking across the water, beyond the islands and shore of the main-land, one sees the Coast Range, and east from here rise the Cascades and Mt. Tacoma. Salmon, salmon trout, rock cod, and other fish abound in the bay. I am not in favor of female suffrage, yet I do not think as the Raven does."

Lorraine, Illinois:—"I am opposed to card playing, but not to novel reading. I would like very much to have Fabius give us a description of North Carolina. I think it a shame for girls to wear birds on their hats, but I think it a greater shame for them to wear bloomers on the streets!"

New England Girl, Mass.:—"Raven, my father fought, bled and died for his country and I am proud of the fact, but I am equally proud of my brave little mother, who was left to care for her family of little ones. I think she fought by far the longer, harder battle. An ancestress of mine clad in male attire went to war with her husband! United Brethren, I would not marry a poor man under any circumstances!"

Keystone May, Pa.:—"I live on a farm in one of the oil territories of Pennsylvania; our country was much prettier a few years ago than at present, as any one will know who has seen the non-beautifying effect that an oil derrick has! I teach school during eight months of the year. I think I hear you say: 'Another schoolma'am! Why do so many of that profession join the M. G. R.?' I think it must be because so many of them like the interesting reading to be found in the Blade columns, and also are willing to aid in the good work that is started here. Don't think I want to 'toot my own horn'; I am only congratulating myself upon belonging to a circle composed of so many of my fellow-workers."

A. M. T., Ohio:—"I wonder if what Humpy Dumpy calls a 'header' is what we in the East call a 'binder?' With these binders the wheat is tied in a sheaf before it is dropped from the machine, and piled into shocks by a boy who follows the machine. It takes three horses to pull a 'binder.' Fabius let us have the description of North Carolina, the highest mountain east of the Mississippi, and of the railroad across the Blue Ridge." Miss Prudence thinks there is a difference between a "header" and a "binder"—will Humpy Dumpy please inform the Circle what it is?

Juneberry, Neb.:—"I think some one quoted the Bible in favor of dancing and card playing, but if you read Romans xiv. 21 and apply to these amusements, you will find that if you do not indulge in them to excess, that others who are weaker and less level-headed may, in looking upon you as a true, upright character, be content for a time to follow your temperate example; but their weakness gradually overcomes them, and in the end they go to all sorts of low dances and card parties, and are looked upon with contempt by respectable people. If we do these things and set such an example, are we living up to our beautiful motto?"

Frank Hume, Ind.:—"My home is within a few miles of the battlefield of Tippecanoe and the old French post of Omtanon in the Wabash valley. Con-Boy, I heartily agree with you in regard to having one code of moral laws for both sexes; no man who deserves the love of a virtuous girl will treat her otherwise than honorably; should he do so, let him receive an equal share of the blame, for in reality he has done the greater wrong."

TO THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

In answer to many inquiries about the badges, the publishers are glad to say that enough have been received to send them to all who enclose 50 cents to The Blade, Toledo, O.

Ever Young.

The desirableness of keeping young rarely crosses the mind of those who are now young. They see others about them who have lost their bloom, embroidered their first wrinkles, snowed themselves under with white hair; but they have always been surrounded with people older than themselves; it is a part of life, a feature of the world, for these others to be old; but for their part, they have always been young. And in some unexpressed way, probably the natural feeling of the immortal being, they always expect to be young. Whether their expectation is realized depends almost altogether upon themselves. They think no more about it, however, till the first gray hair comes like an admonishing ghost upon the scene. At 17 they were of the opinion that the first thing in the world was beauty. But at 35 they find it is better to be young than beautiful. And it very often happens that the girl who was quite beautiful with vivid color and sparkling eyes and fruity flesh and dimples when not quite 20, find herself at 40 with none of these, and neither young nor beautiful. Yet if she were really fine and fair at 20 then at 40 she has a right to be fine and fair still; she should hardly have gone off at all. It matters far less than you can make her now believe that her eyes may be sunken a little, that the line from the nostril to the corner of the lip may have become marked, that the color may be less persistent, that the dimple may show symptoms of becoming something deeper; under certain conditions all that is hardly noticeable. If she has kept the spring that used to animate every motion, so that she moves now with as light a step, as erect a bearing, with as quick a grace, holds her head still like a flower atop of its stem, straight and strong, yet without the least affectation of juvenile frolicking ways, she will give only the suggestion of youth whenever she stirs. If she goes slow and lagging with a stoop and signs of weariness, she will have an arm offered her, and it will be understood that she bears a weight of years and needs it. If she dresses still in the tints and stuff that suit her best, not with youthful frivolities, but with no sign of surrender to age, she will have the effect of still belonging to the forces whose uniform she wears. But if she wears sad and dull colors, relinquishing with reluctance last year's styles anyway, she will be taken at her own valuation. More still, and of more value than the other considerations, if she still interests herself in the things that interest youth, has saved herself from the criticising and condemnatory manner which years sometime give to one's view of life, so that the young still find her companionable, she not only affects others as being young, but feels at 50 scarcely a day older than ever. If meanwhile she has taken also to heart a practice of seeing only the brighter side of things, of forgetting herself and remembering others, of looking into the next life as into a further stage of the delights of this, if she has filled her life and her soul with pity and compassion and tenderness, with love of God and of her fellow beings, age, even when it brings white hair and withered throat and drooping cheek, will seem not to have any trail of eld, but rather to be a different and beautiful youth.—Harper's Bazar.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

When the thrushes cease their singing,
And the wild bees leave the clover,
When the glory of the sunset fades,
And leaves the heavens pale;
When above the hill and mountains
Misty shades of twilight hover,
And the discords of the daytime far
away in distance fail;

When the rath wheat gently rustles,
And the timid aspens shiver,
And the west winds sighing softly
Scent from sleeping flowers bring;
When the peewits cry together plaintively by brook and river—
Then it is I hear the old song that
My mother used to sing.

Round my neck I feel the pressure of
her fingers warm and slender,
As in sleeping dreams and waking I
have felt it many times,
Just as when of old I listened to that
ditty, quaint and tender,
Till the boughs that waved above us
caught the cadence of the rhymes;

And my heart throbs loud and quickly
as I hear it rising clearer,
Youth is mine, its hopes and visions,
dreams and plans are mine again;
Earth is fairer, life is sweeter—aye, and
heaven itself seems nearer
To me as I list in fancy to that ne'er
forgotten strain.

—Chambers' Journal.

WHAT JOHNNIE'S DREAM TAUGHT HIM.

"Grade Seven will have a written examination to-morrow morning, in history and arithmetic; in the afternoon, geometry and grammar. I suppose you did not expect this examination for another month, but this year, for very good reasons, I have decided to change from the regular custom. Now, Grade Seven, I want you to do your best. Remember, the way you pass this examination will show to your parents how you have done the last few months' work. If you have been as thorough as I have tried

to teach you to be, your papers tomorrow will show it; if your studies have been slighted, that fact will be equally apparent."

Blank books overspread some of the faces of Grade Seven of Blue Point school at this announcement. As school was dismissed there was much speculation about the change. "He must have heard about some of us intending to 'cram' in the last fortnight, and wants to take us unawares. He is just mean enough to do it," said a tall boy named Bidford Crane.

"I don't see anything mean about it. You know, Bid, Mr. English does his best for us, and if you had minded everything he said you would have been just as willing to have the examination now as in a month."

"Ho! Dr. Linge, is that your learned opinion?" But the boy called Linge, taking no notice of the remark, turned to a bright-looking boy, saying, "How is it with you, Johnnie?"

"Bad enough," replied Johnnie Crowdan, regretfully. "I felt so sure of that month, and thought I could catch up if I set my mind to it. I hate myself when I think of it. Father and mother will be so disappointed."

"I'm sorry, Johnnie; but if I were in your place, I'd tell them all about it."

"O, Linge, I couldn't; but I'm going to stop, I really am," very earnestly, as he saw an incredulous look on his friend's face, and Johnnie started for home, repulsing Bidford Crane rather roughly when he spoke to him, telling him it was his fault he was in this muss now.

"Indeed, my boy, you didn't need much coaxing."

Johnnie knew that was true, so he was too much ashamed of it to make any reply. Reaching home he went straight to his room. He had to face the fact that at the half-yearly examination his parents expected him to do well, and that he had neglected the last five months' work as much as he could do and get through his daily recitations. That was bad enough, but when his parents came to enquire into the cause of his low standing, as they assuredly would, to have to confess that all the time they supposed him studying in his room, his whole attention was being given to certain gaudy, paper-covered books, was a great deal worse. "I knew better than to touch the trash," thought poor Johnnie. "What would mother think if she knew Bid Crane had talked six of us boys into subscribing for such stuff as we have been reading for the last few months! Whatever made me do it?"

It seemed to me that the more he thought of his troubles the worse they got, and he was quite relieved when he heard a noise at his door, thinking it was one of his schoolfellows, but, instead of one of the boys, in stalked an enormous something—Johnnie didn't know what. He fairly jumped with fright, when the object demanded, "Do you know me?"

"N—no," stammered poor Johnnie, wondering whether he should address his queer visitor as "Sir," or not; and then, trying to remember to be polite, he added, "Won't you take a chair?"

"No, young man, I won't take a chair. Do I look as though I needed a rest? Boys like you give me too much rest. You don't seem to know me, but that is your own fault—and, let me add, your own loss. I am arithmetic, and I have brought some of my friends with me. We always like to pay calls together when it is possible. Allow me to introduce Geometry," and he opened the door to a funny-looking thing whose head was a circle and who seemed to be standing on an immense triangle, while there were so many little circles and lines about him that Johnnie got fairly dizzy by looking at him.

"How are you, young sir?" said Geometry. "It seems to me I have a slight—very slight indeed—acquaintance with you, but it would give me much pleasure to know you better."

Before Johnnie could utter a word, in stepped a prim, starched-up-looking object, who, on being introduced as Grammar, greeted him with a

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2—Only one question at a time. 3—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

Prices and Money.

T. W., Virginia, Nevada, writes: "The effect of free coinage of silver, you say, would be to send gold to a premium and withdraw from circulation over $600,000,000 in gold; and that prices in silver would be doubled. What determines prices? Is it the number of units of money in circulation in the country or world?

"If all of our gold were exported to Europe would that cause a rise in the Europe would that cause a rise in the prices in Europe of wheat, cotton and commodities generally? Would the exportation cause a demand here for silver to take the place of gold and cause a rise in the value of silver, in terms of prices? If silver rose, then commodities would not rise, in silver, until more than enough was coined to fill the vacuum caused by exportation of gold. Commodities might even fall at first."

Prices are determined by supply of and demand for the articles. The volume of money has no direct effect on prices. The theory that it does is one widely entertained ever since the war, but it is fallacious.

During the war, when greenbacks had depreciated to 38 to 50 cents, gold value—or gold was at a premium, measured in greenbacks, of 200 to 240,—which is only another way of stating the same thing—the gold prices were no higher, but—the gold prices were no higher, but—the gold prices were no higher, but

WASHINGTON.

CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL

Believed the Government Will Not Interpose.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 24.—The report of the board of army engineers appointed by the secretary of war to examine and report upon the effect that Chicago drainage canal would have upon the waters of Lake Michigan has been received at the War Department. Little can be learned as to the contents of the report, although it is understood the board finds the canal probably would reduce the average level of Lake Michigan about six inches, and possibly Lake Huron the same. This lower level no doubt would be objectionable to the shipping interests, but the fact that the lake has varied from one cause or another, such as a lack of rainfall or unusual evaporation, more than one foot in different years, ships have been built with a view to accommodating themselves to this reduced level. It is understood the position taken by the board is that the former variations are such as not to make this reduction of six inches of great importance.

It is therefore probable that the building of the canal will not be stopped by the government, though certain restrictions may be determined upon so as not to create any great waste of water.

The Lake Carriers' Association is making strong efforts to prevent the building of the canal and has gotten the co-operation of Canadian engineers and Canadian shipping interests in opposing any steps that would result in lowering the lake leve's. Of course Lake Michigan is wholly in the United States, but it is claimed that Lake Huron would be governed by the level of Michigan and that it is a border lake. In addition it is urged the lowering of the water in both Lakes Michigan and Huron may, on account of the reduced outflow, have a similar effect on Lakes Erie and Ontario.

What action will be taken on the report will not be determined until Secretary Lamont has given a hearing to all interested parties.

WYOMING GAME LAWS.

Right of Indians to Hunt on Unoccupied Lands Unquestionable.

Washington, Aug. 26. It has been decided by the Indian bureau that no attention will be paid to the game laws of Wyoming where they come into conflict with the treaty of the United States with the Bannock and Shoshone Indians.

The attorney general, after considering the matter, has informed the secretary of the interior and the commissioner of Indian affairs that the rights of the Indians to hunt on unoccupied lands in his opinion are unquestionable, and that he considers that the State of Wyoming has no power to limit or abridge this right.

No definite steps to enforce this determination have been decided upon, further than that the instructions to the United States district attorneys to secure the release of Indians now in custody on writs of habeas corpus probably would be supplemented by an order to do the same thing in case any arrest is made in the future.

The bureau will discourage hunting by the Indians as far as possible, and at present no passes will be issued permitting the braves to leave the reservation. It is probable that a small number of soldiers will be kept in the Jackson's Hole country during the remainder of the hunting season, and if it should be deemed advisable at any time to permit the Indians to leave the reservation to hunt the whites probably will not be permitted to molest them. It is hoped, however, that the work on the irrigation ditch, soon to be contracted for, will furnish occupation and money for the Indians and make hunting unnecessary for their maintenance during the winter.

MUST RELEASE WALLER.

Government Will Peremptorily Demand It and Indemnity.

Washington, Aug. 22.—There is good authority for the statement that a peremptory demand will be made by the United States upon France for the release of ex-Consul John Waller, of Tamatav; and that satisfactory indemnity will be required for his arrest and imprisonment, with a probable request for a commission to determine Waller's rights in Madagascar. The discussion of the case between the French and American diplomats has reached a point where it is said that there is little else for the United States to do, owing to the fact that the repeated requests for a copy of the charges and testimony upon which Waller was convicted have not been furnished by the French government.

It was said at the state department that the delay in the Waller case had been very annoying to the officials and especially to Ambassador Eustis. The dilatory action of France in this matter is regarded as indicating that the French government has a very poor case, and will be unable to resist the demands made by the United States for the restoration of Waller to liberty and indemnity for his losses. A condition which makes the delay of France more aggravating is the fact that the department is aware of the serious illness of Waller in prison, and that his further confinement is harmful to his health.

PATENTS BY WOMEN.

The War Was Productive of Some Startling Efforts on Their Part.

Washington, Aug. 23.—A pamphlet recently published by the patent office gives a list of the patents issued to women by the government. The pamphlet is supplementary to those heretofore published, and brings the list of such issues up to March 1 last.

The office was established in 1790, and the first patent issued to a woman was in 1809, to Mary Kies, for a method of weaving straw with silk or thread. Six years later one was issued to Mary Brush for a corset. It was not until 1828 that more than one patent per year was issued to women. The war developed the inventive genius of women, and the annual number of patents issued to them increased rapidly. Many of them were for inventions for either fighting or nursing devices.

From 1809 to 1888 women's inventions averaged 30 a year, from 1888 to 1892, 230 a year, and since 1892, 280 a year. The pamphlet gives a classification of women's inventions. This shows that wearing apparel leads the list, with 160 different patents in thirty months. Then comes cooking utensils with 100 inventions, furniture with 55, heating and washing or cleaning apparatus with 40 odd each, sewing and spinning devices and building apparatus with about thirty each.

IT WILL BE DIFFICULT

To Obtain Evidence Against the Presidents.

Washington, Aug. 22.—The interstate commerce commission to-day made a formal acknowledgment of a letter received yesterday from ex-Senator Chandler, asking if the commission is watching to find whether the proposed agreements considered at the meeting of the Trunk Line associations are going to conflict with the laws against pooling and trusts, so as to fully protect the interests of the people. The matter will be considered at the next full session of the commission.

Chairman Morrison said to-day: "The commission will use every means in its power to secure enforcement of the law. It is usually very difficult, however, to secure evidence, and officials, if called up, doubtless would say that they were complying with the law in every way."

TO DISMISS SPOFFORD.

Cleveland Asked to Do so by Secretary Carlisle.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 23.—Secretary Carlisle has forwarded to the president the report of William E. Meyers, expert treasury accountant, in the case of Ainsworth R. Spofford, librarian of congress. The secretary recommends that Spofford be removed and that proper steps be taken to recover the full amount of the deficit.

Mr. Spofford has real estate investments in Washington, New York, Virginia and other places and considerable holdings in stocks and bonds and is well to do. The librarian's friends say he is only guilty of carelessness in the matter of accounts, and it is generally believed that no punishment can follow except removal from office by the president, whose personal appointee he is.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MODEL MODERN MILITARY CAMP.

Government Will Have One at Chickamauga During Dedication.

Washington, Aug. 26.—The secretary of war to-day ordered the establishment of a model military camp on the Chickamauga battlefield during the continuance of the services incident to the dedication of the new national park at that place. The camp will be composed of six companies from Fort Thomas at Newport, Ky., two companies from Jackson barracks at New Orleans and the 23d artillery from Ft. McPherson at Atlanta, Ga., and will be under the command of Leut. Col. Willetson. The camp will be established on the first of September. The bands from Columbus barracks and Fort Thomas will be in attendance during the encampment.

WRIGGLERS IN MILK.

Amount of Bacteria in Milk Supply Varies Greatly.

Washington, August 26.—A review of the processes of changes in milk is made in a bulletin of the agricultural department. It points out that the amount of bacteria in the milk supply of cities and towns varies greatly. Tests so far made show that city milk that contains not more than three or four millions bacteria per cubic centimeter may be regarded as exceptionally good for European cities, and the probability is that the milk supply delivered in our largest cities is in general superior to that of European cities. The milk of large cities it is stated contains more germs than that of small communities, but is probably no more harmful.

LIBRARIAN SPOFFORD EXPLAINS

That $22,400 is Just a Balance on Account.

Washington, August 27.—Librarian Spofford, in view of various conflicting statements regarding the sum of $22,400 paid by him into the treasury last week, was asked what the amount really represented. He replied that it was approximately the amount due the treasury on balance of copyright and salary accounts as he found it. An unfavorable and wholly wrong construction, he said, had been placed upon it as representing a large deficit, whereas it was actually a balance between two accounts, a salary account due the librarian for several months' disbursements, and an account due the government for several months' copyright fees.

SOUNDS VERY GAUZY.

That Story About Fifteen Bannocks Being Killed by Whites.

Washington, Aug. 26.—The report of the killing of 15 Bannock Indians by cattle men in the neighborhood of Diamond Valley, Ore., is not believed at the Indian bureau. Commissioner of Indian Affairs Browning says he believes there is no foundation for the report. He says there is no reservation within 500 miles of the region where the affair is stated to have taken place, and that, as far as the Indian office is informed, no Indians were in the vicinity.

THOSE CONTESTED SEATS.

Testimony Will be Referred to the Elections Committee.

Washington, Aug. 27.—Clerk Kerr has opened and sent to the printer the testimony in the contested election case of Coleman vs. Buck for one of the seats from Louisiana in the next House of Representatives. This is the last of the contests in which the testimony will be printed before the convening of Congress. There are four cases, viz.: Those of Belknap vs. McGann, Illinois; Beatty vs. Price, Louisiana; Mitchell vs. Walsh, New York, and Conn vs. Miner, New York, in which all the testimony has not been received.

HIS COMMISSION RECEIVED.

Matt W. Ransom Duly Appointed Minister to Mexico.

Washington, Aug. 27.—The White House mail this morning bore the commission of Matt V. Ransom to be United States minister to Mexico. The commission was dated August 24. This ends a legal complication by which Minister Ransom after several months service at his post at the City of Mexico, was declared ineligible to fill the office to which he had been appointed prior to the expiration of his term as United States Senator.

IS A ROYAL SPENDER.

Government Expended More Than It Received First of the Month.

Washington, August 22.—The expenditures of the government for the first two-thirds of the present month exceeded the receipts by $7,009,293, but only $1,250,000 remains to be paid on account of pensions and the treasury officials estimate that the deficit will be reduced during the next ten days to about $5,000,000. The excess of expenditures over receipts last month were $8,478,366.

WALLER'S STATEMENT SECURED.

It Will at Once be Sent On to Washington.

Washington, Aug. 27.—Ambassador Eustis has wired the State department that Newton B. Eustis, second secretary, and Mr. Alexander, counsel of the embassy, have returned from Clairvaux, where they took down a full statement from ex-Consul Waller of his trial and conviction by the French military court at Tamatave. The statement will be forwarded to Washington as soon as possible.

WARSHIPS TO CHINA.

America Well Prepared for Any Emergency.

Washington, Aug. 26.—The Concord sailed to-day from Chemulpo, and will proceed direct to Foo Chow, China. The Yorktown is also bound for this port, having left Shanghai on Saturday, so that the United States will be well prepared for any action deemed necessary in Chinese waters.

Gold in Australia.

Washington, Aug. 26.—According to a report just received at the State Department from Consul General Maratta at Melbourne, Australia, the mint there received 537,944 ounces of gold during the first six months of 1895 as against 510,288 ounces for the same period last year.

WOMEN AS STREET CLEANERS.

Will Operate in Peoria, Which is Full of New Women.

Peoria, Ill., August 21.—Peoria women propose taking a hand in the cleansing of the city and in keeping it in proper condition. Peoria has a woman for health commissioner, Dr. Emma L. Lucas, and yesterday morning the Peoria Woman's club, an influential organization, held a preliminary meeting and decided on the formation of the Woman's Sanitary association. There was a large attendance of the membership. Another meeting will be held Thursday to complete the organization.

New York—The steamer Lorain, from Kingston, Jamaica, brought as passengers Captain McGillivray and 24 distressed seamen, being the crew of the British steamer Arronaut, abandoned at sea August 6, off the Jamaica coast.

THE TEMPLARS' CONCLAVE.

Boston Rings With the Noise of Numerous Bands.

Boston, Aug. 27.—Seven hundred and fifty thousand people saw the parade of over 25,000 sir Knights Templar to-day, and with one accord pronounced it the grandest pageant ever witnessed in Boston.

People were everywhere; in the streets, on the sidewalks, on the roofs of buildings and street cars, clinging

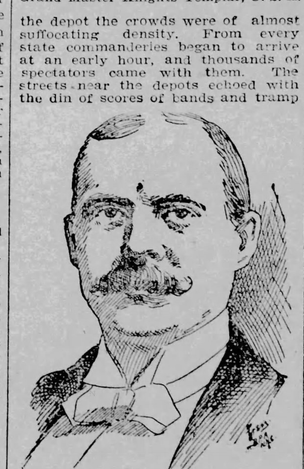
SIR HUGH M'CURDY.

to tops of telegraph poles whenever the vigilance of the police and linemen was relaxed for a moment; in wagons and drays filled with seats in the side streets, and on hundreds of grand stands, large and small, along the route.

The clear skies and hot sun of the past two days had given away to heavy clouds, but finally the sun broke through the clouds vigorously endeavored to drive the mists away.

Although a majority of the sir knights spent last night until a late hour entertaining friends or being entertained they were astir early this morning.

Trains from every direction brought thousands of uniformed Templars and their friends to swell the host. At the depot the crowds were of almost suffocating density. From every state commanderies began to arrive at an early hour, and thousands of spectators came with them. The streets near the depots echoed with the din of scores of bands and tramp



V. E. SIR GEORGE M. MOULTON, Grand Senior Warden.

of arriving knights and their escorts. The railroad men were completely overwhelmed by the magnitude of the crowd.

Everywhere within a radius of 20 miles there was practically a holiday. Most of the factories in near-by cities closed, and the operatives helped to swell the crowds who watched the procession.

The police appointments were perfect. Shortly before the parade started platoons of officers cleared every street through which the sir knights were to pass and roped them off.

At 9 o'clock the commanderies of the first division began to gather on the south side of Commonwealth ave., near Berkley st., and at about the same hour the other divisions began to take up their positions in the avenue of the Back Bay district. There was the usual delay consequent to the formation of great processions, but all was in readiness shortly after 10 o'clock, and by 10:55 the long line was in motion, the signal for the

V. E. SIR & REV. HENRY W. RUGG,

start being greeted by the cheers and salutes of 10,000 people gathered near the depot.

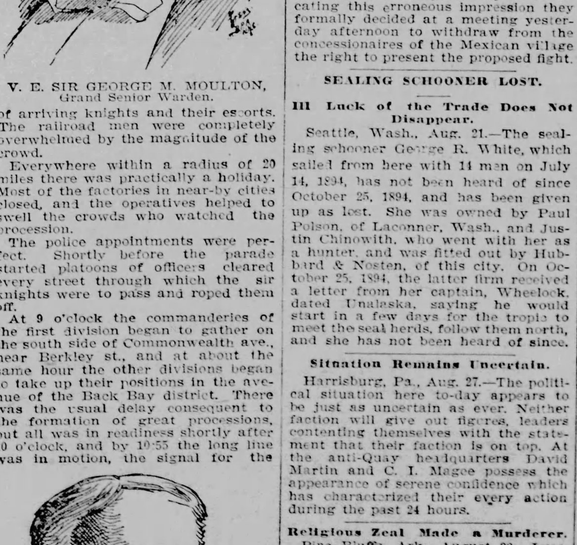
As the great body of knights moved down Commonwealth ave. the spectacle was an inspiring one. The music of 100 bands and the applause of thousands of people filled the air; gaily bedecked horses pranced at the head of each division, while the contrast of the dignified black cloth of the uniforms, the waving of the rich plumes and the silver and gold emblems, which are conspicuous in the Templar uniform, combined to present a scene that was pleasing and impressive.

The leading division of the pageant, preceded by platoons of Boston's sturdy policemen, was very imposing.

Fine Electric Design.

The champion electric design has been placed in position at the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets. The design is shown in the accompanying illustration. The four outer emblems are ten feet long each. The Salem cross in the center is fifteen feet long. The Templar cross is 70 feet at its widest part. The whole is erected on the Tremont street side of the temple, and is visible for a long distance down Boylston street from the Common.

Mr. Mitchell, of the Edison company, says he will make an entire change of lamps on the Knights Templar device every day, so that a new front of different colors will be presented every night. It will necessitate the labor of several men all day to remove one set of lamps and substitute another.



ELECTRIC DESIGN IN FRONT OF MASONIC TEMPLE.

elected: S. M. Rice, president; R. S. Hartshorne, vice president and chairman of the board; Jules S. Bache, treasurer; T. H. Wentworth, secretary, Nathan Pijur, general counsel.

While these proceedings were going on in New York, application was made by Mr. Levy Mayer, of the firm of Levy, Kraus & Mayer, Chicago counsel of the reorganization committee, for an order confirming the sale of the eighteen properties of the old Distilling and Cattle Feeding company, purchased August 14, by the committee from the receiver. Upon the granting of this decree, it is understood that the properties will be turned over to the American Spirits Manufacturing company, of New York.

VISITORS TO ATLANTA.

Department of Public Comfort Sends Out Desired Information.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 27.—Alex W. Smith, chief of the department of public comfort of the coming exposition, gave out to-day the following statement:

"I take pleasure in announcing to the public at large that sufficient accommodations have been secured to adequately and comfortably care for the average attendance upon the exposition. Rates for accommodations at regular hotels will be from $1 to $3 per day, European plan, and from $2 to $5 per day American plan. Lodging and boarding house rates will be from 50 cents to $1.50 for lodgings, and from $1 to $1.50 per day for lodgings and board. Weekly and monthly engagements can be made at usual reductions.

THE WHISKY TRUST.

Is Now the American Spirits Manufacturing Co. of New York.

Albany, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The reorganization of the Whisky trust was consummated yesterday in the incorporation of the office of secretary of state of the American Spirits Manufacturing company with a capital stock of $35,000,000 for "distilling and dealing in spirits."

Immediately after the completion of the corporation a meeting of the directors was held in New York. The details of the organization of the corporation was perfected at this meeting and the following officers were

TO PLEASE THE VIRTUOUS.

Atlanta Has Called the Bull Fight Off.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 21.—The bull fight which has been so extensively advertised to take place in connection with the Cotton States and International exposition will not come off. The proposed exhibition has never had any connection with the exposition itself, being merely a side show intended to be presented in the Midway. The directors of the exposition have discovered, however, that the proposed fight has become confounded in the public mind with the exposition proper, and in view of the impossibility of eradicating this erroneous impression they formally decided at a meeting yesterday afternoon to withdraw from the concessionaires of the Mexican village the right to present the proposed fight.

SEALING SCHOONER LOST.

Ill Luck of the Trade Does Not Disappear.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 21.—The sealing schooner George R. White, which sailed from here with 14 men on July 14, 1894, has not been heard of since October 25, 1894, and has been given up as lost. She was owned by Paul Polson, of Laconner, Wash., and Justin Chinowith, who went with her as a hunter, and was fitted out by Hubbard & Nosten, of this city. On October 25, 1894, the latter firm received a letter from her captain, Wheelock, dated Unalaska, saying he would start in a few days for the tropic to meet the seal herds, follow them north, and she has not been heard of since.

Situation Remains Uncertain.

Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 27.—The political situation here to-day appears to be just as uncertain as ever. Neither faction will give out figures, leaders contenting themselves with the statement that their faction is on top. At the anti-Quay headquarters David Martin and C. I. Magee possess the appearance of serene confidence which has characterized their every action during the past 24 hours.

Religious Zeal Made a Murderer.

Pine Bluffs, Ark., August 22.—Jesse Isborg, colored, who became crazed by religion at a revival meeting last evening, and kept up his prayers all night, this morning shot his landlady, Nancy Walker, four times at the breakfast table, fatally wounding her, then blew his own brains out.

DISTRESSING DISEASES OF THE SKIN

Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

Cuticura

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier)

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

Radway's Ready Relief.

His life-long friend.

It is the only PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures congestion.

Internally a teaspoonful in water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. RADWAY & CO., New York.

HOP PICKERS TO STRIKE.

No Pickers, No Hops, No Hops, No Beer—Ugh!

New York, August 26.—The hop crop of this state is in danger of ruin because of the refusal of hop pickers to work for the prices which the growers are willing to pay.

It is reported that the growers expect to get their crops harvested on the same basis as to wages as last year, but the hop pickers have organized a union to enforce their demands and if these demands are not granted at once they will strike. The honest hop pickers in the counties of Madison and Oneida in this state claim they are having a hard time of it. Last year they supposed that they were to receive a dollar a day and board. When settling time came they were paid instead of $1 a day only thirty cents a basket. It was a good worker who could fill more than two baskets per day.

WILL HUNT INJUNS.

Latter Have Driven Settlers Away From Their Fastnesses.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 27.—Trouble has again broken out between Kalispell Indians and settlers along the east side of the Pend d'Oreile river in Idaho, over the disputed possession of what the Indians claim is their reservation, but which is in reality government land. A large delegation of white settlers came to this city to-day and state that they were driven off from their farms by Indians, who threatened them with death if they dared return. The redskins forcibly took possession of the homes and property of the whites and told the latter that was their instructions from the Indian agent, Buff.

The settlers are preparing to go back armed and in force and drive the Indians out of the neighborhood.

BURNED HIS FORTUNE.

Hamilton Miser Will Probably Go Mad.

Hamilton, Ala., Aug. 27.—Ben Stillman, an old miser, living in the country, ten miles from here, lost the savings of a penurious lifetime by a curious accident last night. He had opened his strong box, in which he kept his fortune, about $5,000 in greenbacks, and was counting out the money on a table, intending to carry it to the bank this morning, as an attempt was made to rob him several nights ago. While thus engaged he fancied he heard some one trying to enter, and, rising suddenly, upset the table. A kerosene lamp exploded, and, besides consuming the old man's house, burned all his money and severely scorched him in his attempt to save his fortune. The old man will scarcely survive the double shock.

A SPRITE IN BLOOMERS.

Concealed Her Blushes by Wearing a Mask.

Springfield, O., Aug. 27.—The question of dress reform has been settled in this city by the adoption of bloomers for bicycle riding, which are rapidly becoming popular and are being worn by some of Springfield's fairest daughters. The first pair of bloomers was seen on the streets of this city after dark several months ago, and in addition to the bloomers, the young lady sported a mask. The mask did not become popular, although the bloomers did, and after the good people of Springfield got over their shock, which, however, was not so severe as in some other cities, quite a number of young ladies donned the bloomers and appeared in public with them.

UNCLE SAM'S REINDEER.

He Now Owns One Thousand Head in Alaska.

Port Townsend, Wash., August 27.—K. Jelman, of Madison, Wis., who took the party of Laplanders to Port Clarence to take charge of the government reindeer stations in Northwestern Alaska, has arrived here from Alaska. The government now has about 1,000 head of reindeer and they are increasing. The outfit Mr. Jelman brought this 130 head from Siberia, most of which are in poorer condition than the Alaska deer. The herds increased 700 head and only 11 died. These stations are supplied with the following number of deer: Cape Prince of Wales, 210; Port Clarence, 500; Cape Nome, 200.

HEAVY PRODUCE BILLS

May Induce the Morgans to Leave the Market Alone.

London, August 27.—In its financial article this morning the Times speaking of the financial condition in the United States thinks that the prospects of heavy produce bills will induce the Morgans to let the market take its own course without fearing lest the treasury reserve fall below the hundred million mark. The advance of the Bank of England's price for American eagles was merely due to the discovery that the coins were being melted at a profit and sent into the bank in the form of bars.

BLOOMERS NOT INDECENT.

A Wise Judge So Decided in Pretty Mrs. Noe's Favor.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 26.—Judge Wilson, after carefully reading books on dress reform, has decided that bloomers are not an indecent dress, and dismissed the case against Mrs. Noe. The defendant failed to appear in court, and a large crowd of spectators were disappointed.

In rendering his opinion Judge Wilson said that women are going to ride bicycles, and they were bound to have some comfortable and appropriate dress. Bloomers were just the thing.

GROVER WILL REAPPOINT,

But Matt Ransom May Not Care for Mexico.

New York, Aug. 26.—A special to the Herald from Washington says:

Matt W. Ransom, of North Carolina, will be reappointed U. S. minister to Mexico and the President will thus rectify the blunder made in the first appointment of Mr. Ransom while he was still a member of the senate. Whether Mr. Ransom will return to Mexico or not will depend entirely upon his own wishes.

SENSATION IN KANSAS CITY.

Prominent Man Arrested in New York for Smuggling.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 27.—A dispatch to the Times from New York city says: Jacquez F. Nolteus, assistant secretary of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Trust company, with headquarters at Kansas City, was arrested here to-day charged with smuggling $3,000 worth of goods from Europe.

Populists Against Free Silver.

Baltimore, Md., August 22.—Henry T. Andrew was nominated for governor by the Maryland Populist state convention yesterday, at Baltimore. The convention also endorsed the Omaha platform, declared against free silver and in favor of reform in the cyster laws, and of property reassessment.

DEMOCRATIC ROWS.

Hurst Has a Mind of His Own and Will Use It.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 26.—Maryland's Democratic machine is in a bad way. The managers are in a muddle. When Gorman turned down the legitimate and deserving candidates for the gubernatorial nomination and dictated the nomination of John E. Hurst, he expected the people would flock to the support of the so-called business men's candidate. He also believed Mr. Hurst would pour his money into the machine coffers, do as he was bid, and, in fact, become the tool of the bosses, to secure the honor of the governor's chair.

Developments of the last week, however, have shown neither Mr. Hurst, his personal friends, or the Democratic voters in general will allow themselves to be bamboozled. Mr. Hurst stood the criticism on his nomination by the newspapers, both Democratic and Republican, but when Governor Brown suggested that he withdraw and that the state convention meet to nominate another man, Mr. Hurst's ire was aroused. He now comes out and says he will fight it out on his own line if it takes all winter.

This independent stand taken by the friends of the merchant prince, whose nomination Gorman dictated is another bitter pill for the Senator and his machine men to swallow. They cannot elect Hurst by fair means. He refuses to be made governor by fraud. His friends will oppose any of the crooked methods contemplated. The cry of "Down with the bosses!" is heard in every town and county in the state. Even Gorman's closest friends now admit he is losing his grip and that only desperate methods can save the machine.

HERMIT LOVED LIFE.

Cost Him $8,000 to Live Forty Days Over the Limit.

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 23.—A peculiar contest over the will of Morris Goldberg, a capitalist who led a hermit's life in the hills of West Oakland, has been abandoned. Goldberg became afflicted with a throat disease. As his condition became more serious, the old man's desire to live became more intense, and he offered his physicians $225 for every day they should keep him alive. A tube was inserted in Goldberg's stomach through which nourishment was forced, and by this means he was kept alive forty days, incurring a doctor's bill in the meantime of $9,000. When his will was filed for probate in which an estate valued at $200,000 was disposed of, Miss Gutte Simson, a niece, of Philadelphia, filed a protest. Miss Simson has at last consented to compromise the case for $8,000, and will return to Philadelphia in a few days.

TO PACIFY IRATE REDS.

Will Give Them a Big Hunt During September.

Lander, Wyo., Aug. 24.—It is proposed now to give the Indians a big hunt during September in Jackson's Hole, and have the troops there to protect them from the whites. This is to be done regardless of Wyoming laws. If Governor Richards follows out his idea of enforcing the laws equally against the whites and Indians there will be a conflict of authority that will finally bring about a decision in the courts as to the rights of the Indians under the treaty of 1868.

Money, Crops, Trade.

GOOD FALL TRADE PROSPECTS.

Dull Week in Speculation as Viewed by Bradstreet.

New York, August 24.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

The volume of business shrinks as is natural in August and the shrinkage seems rather larger than usual because transactions in July were somewhat inflated for that month. Some industries are doing more than ever before in August and the prospects for fall trade is good in others, although much depends on crops and the outcome is less clear than speculators on either side are disposed to admit. Industrial troubles have not entirely ceased, but during the past week have become much less threatening.

The price of wheat has fallen 3 3-4 cents during the week, recovering a fraction on Thursday, in spite of all efforts to hold back supplies from farms and to encourage buying. Wheat ought to go abroad freely at present prices, but Atlantic exports, flour included, have been only 1,352,602 bushels for the week, against 2,634,764 last year, and for four weeks only 4,348,632 bushels, against 10,937,447 last year. Impressive accounts of short crops abroad have little weight in the presence of such a record and the abstention of foreign purchases proves more effective than the withholding of wheat by Western farmers. Naturally the 67 cent wheat of the Pacific coast still goes forward freely in place of the Atlantic supplies. Corn has also declined 4 1-4 cents, while pork and lard, with accustomed inconsistency, rise a shade on corn declines. Cotton has advanced a fraction to 7.75 cents, without any definite change in crop prospects, and as usual the immense volume of stocks carried over, in mills and commercial hands here and abroad about 3,000,000 bales American, is by most traders not appreciated.

It is relief to turn to the great industries, in which the enormous orders placed several months ago cause phenomenal activity for the season. In iron, notwithstanding some uneasiness because the output has greatly increased, heavy purchases by two leading companies have advanced the price of Bessemer 50 cents and a new combination has raised galvanized barbed wire to $1.80, while combinations are being formed in wire rods and common wire and advance in prices is expected. Other prices are unchanged, and the new orders for iron and steel products are not at present large.

In cotton goods the demand is rather more active as the price of the raw material advances, but otherwise the business has not materially changed, and the quotation for print cloths is a shade lower this week. Sales of wool are again smaller than in 1892, and for the month thus far have been 16,874,200 pounds, of which 9,121,300 pounds were domestic, against 19,072,950 last year, of which 16,316,150 were domestic, and 23,361,400 in the same weeks of 1892, of which 17,015,900 were domestic. But the speculative buyers still hold prices very stiffly, and are supported by the strength in foreign markets. No marked change appears in demand for woolen goods, but there is increasing apprehension shown by agents regarding the extensive sales of foreign woolens.

Failures for the week have been 222 in the United States, against 224 last year, and 43 in Canada, against 34 last year.

BRADSTREET ON FINANCE.

Another Week of Dull Speculation Has Passed.

New York, August 24.—Bradstreet's stock review says:

Another week of dull speculation has passed. In spite, however, of bearish demonstrations in certain industrial stocks and continued absence of either public or foreign buying, there has been strong undertone and a complete lack of liquidation. The continuance of gold exports is a bar to the growth of favorable influences, although the action of the Belmont-Morgan bond syndicate in restoring the treasury gold reserve as soon as it was drawn on to below $100,000,000 was accepted as an assurance that help would be forthcoming from the same quarter as often as it was required. Trading has been conducted almost entirely by professional operators. Activity centers in the manipulated industrials, in which the bear traders meet with considerable success. London's inactivity in this market is due not alone to the continuance of an absorbing speculative excitement in South African mines, but to the fact that the public there is enjoying the midsummer holidays. The temper of speculation is still bullish. Wall street looks for a higher range of prices on the crops and the continued improvement in the business situation.

The Potato and Buckwheat Crops. The August report of the United States Department of Agriculture says of the potato and buckwheat crops: "The condition of potatoes has deteriorated from 91.5 to 88.7 since July 1, although it improved three points in the greatest potato state (New York), 21 points in Illinois, and 6 points in Missouri. The decline in Ohio, Michigan, Maine, Wisconsin and Iowa, all prominent potato states, was more than sufficient to offset the improvement elsewhere. In Connecticut, New Jersey, Louisiana, Arkansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and North Dakota the present condition of the crop is above normal. Complaints of damage from hot and protracted dry weather come from Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin. The product is so abundant in Minnesota that a price as low as 15c a bushel is reported for new potatoes.

Acreage of this year's crop of buckwheat, 98.5 per cent of last year's acreage. The states having an increased acreage compare with 1894 as follows: Pennsylvania, 101; West Virginia, 110; Illinois, 124; Iowa, 102; South Dakota, 125; California there is decrease; acreage in all other states the percentage for New York, the greatest producer of buckwheat, being 96; and in order of importance, among the states having decreased or the same acreage for Michigan, 70; for Wisconsin and Maine, 100; Minnesota, 96; New Jersey, 100. Condition of crop is 85.2, which excels last year's condition by 2.9 points. Principal states have the following conditions: New York, 84; Pennsylvania, 89; Maine, 89; Michigan, 35; Wisconsin, 99; West Virginia, 109; Vermont, 98; Iowa, 92. Damage by frost, drouth or grasshoppers is reported from New York, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin."

PASS THOSE WHEAT CAKES?

Guess There is Enough to Keep the Wolf From the Door.

Buda Pest, August 26.—Details of the government estimate of the wheat crops of the different countries, the total for which was stated in a dispatch to the Associated Press on August 23, shows the following in bushels: Great Britain, 46,811,000; France, 301,573,000; Germany, 103,550,000; Austria, 45,392,000; Italy, 114,180,000; Belgium, 21,277,000; Spain, 86,528,000; Russia, 415,053,000; Hungary, 150,361,000; India, 237,456,000; United States, 400,017,000; Canada, 51,066,000; Roumania, 62,414,000; Bulgaria, 52,482,000; Turkey, 42,555,000; Argentine, 60,995,000; Australia, 35,746,000; the Netherlands, Switzerland, Denmark, Scandinavia, Portugal and Greece together, 29,502,000; Servia, 8,511,000; Chile, 18,440,000; Africa, 47,094,000; all Asia, except India, 70,950,000; total, 2,402,671,000.

WORLD'S WHEAT CROP.

Total Production in Importing Countries is 749,022,000 Bushels.

Buda Pest, Aug. 24.—The minister of agriculture announces as a result of data obtained from consuls and specialists that the world's wheat crop for 1895 is as follows:

The total production in countries which import wheat is estimated at 749,022,000 bushels. In countries which export the total production is 1,651,701,000 bushels. The minister also amends the estimate of the crop of 1894 so as to make the total in that year 2,632,736,000 bushels, showing that the crop of 1895 is 232,000,000 bushels less than that of 1894.

Winter Wheat Crop.

Washington, Aug. 24.—The chief of the division of statistics of the agricultural department, declares that there has been no dispatch of any kind whatsoever since August 10, relating to crops and their condition authorized by any one connected with that division.

The statement is given out in contradiction to the rumor that since the issue of the crop report on the 10th of the month the department has increased its estimate of the winter wheat crop one-half bushel per acre, which would aggregate for the entire country nearly 11,000,000 bushels. The published estimate is still adhered to and no intimation of any change in the original figures have been given out.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Friday Evening, Aug. 27.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Aug. 20.	Aug. 27.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	123	123
U. S. 4's (new), registered	123	123
U. S. 5's, coupons	115½	115
U. S. 5's, registered	115	115
U. S. 4's, coupons	112¾	112¾
U. S. 4's, registered	112¾	112
U. S. 2's, registered	96½	96½
Pacific 6's of '95	100	100

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close To-Day.

The markets for wheat opened weak to-day on heavy receipts in the Northwest and indifferent cables. There was some effort to put prices up during the day, but the fact of big receipts in the United States and anticipated larger Russian shipments for the next two months caused prices to sag, and at the close there was a lack of strength.

Liverpool closed unchanged in wheat and corn. Paris wheat 15c lower, and flour 10@25c lower. Berlin 1 1-4 marks higher.

Receipts in the Northwest: Wheat, cars, 1,063; same day last year, 884.

Primary receipts of wheat to-day, 798,000 bushels; last year, 1,028,000.

The world's visible increased during the past week, 562,000 bushels.

Europe increased 1,928,000 bushels during the past week.

Bradstreet's shows: Decrease east of Rockies during the past week, 1,366,000 bushels of wheat.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 320,000 bushels, of which 295,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom and 8,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1894 were 640,000 bu. The total shipments since April 1 aggregate 3,000,000 bu., of which 10,000,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom and 3,528,000 bu. to the Continent.

Export clearances to-day, 70,528 bu. of wheat; flour, 58,545 barrels, or wheat and flour in the aggregate, 254,453 bu.

Pork at Chicago opened for September at $9.20, and closed at $9.50.

September oats at Chicago opened at 19 1-8c, and closed at 19 1-8c.

Estimated receipts at Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat, cars, 65; corn, cars, 270; oats, cars, 163.

Corn was a trifle lower mostly in sympathy with wheat. There was no news of importance to cause any change. At Chicago, August corn was worth, nominally, 26 1-4@26 3-8c; September, 25 3-4c, 26 1-4c sellers, 26 3-4c; then 25 7-8@26c. At New York, December corn opened at 37 1-4c bid, sold for 37 1-4c, and rose to 37 1-2c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Sept.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	64¾	64¾	64¼	64¼
Chicago	60¾	61	60¾	60⅝
New York	66¼	66¼	65¼	65¼
St. Louis	61⅝	61⅝	61⅛	61⅛

August wheat at Chicago, 60c nominal. December opened late 63¾c and closed at 62¾c; December wheat at New York opened at 68¾c and closed at 67½c bid.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

As compared with yesterday, cash and August wheat is ¾c lower; September, ¾c, and December ⅝c decline. Trade was fair. Prices closed a shade steadier. No. 2 soft red, wheat 64¼@64¾c; less price to close; No. 3 soft red, 61@61½c; No. 3 soft red, D. & M., 62c; No. 4 soft red, 58½c.

September wheat, 64¾c, 64¼c, and finally 64¾c; December, 66¾c, 66¼c, 65¾c, then 65¾c; May wheat, 70c, 69¾c, 70¼c, then 69¾c.

Corn—Dull, Steady.

There was a rather dull trade in corn, with steady prices